

# The Sketch

No. 859.—Vol. LXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1909.

SIXPENCE.

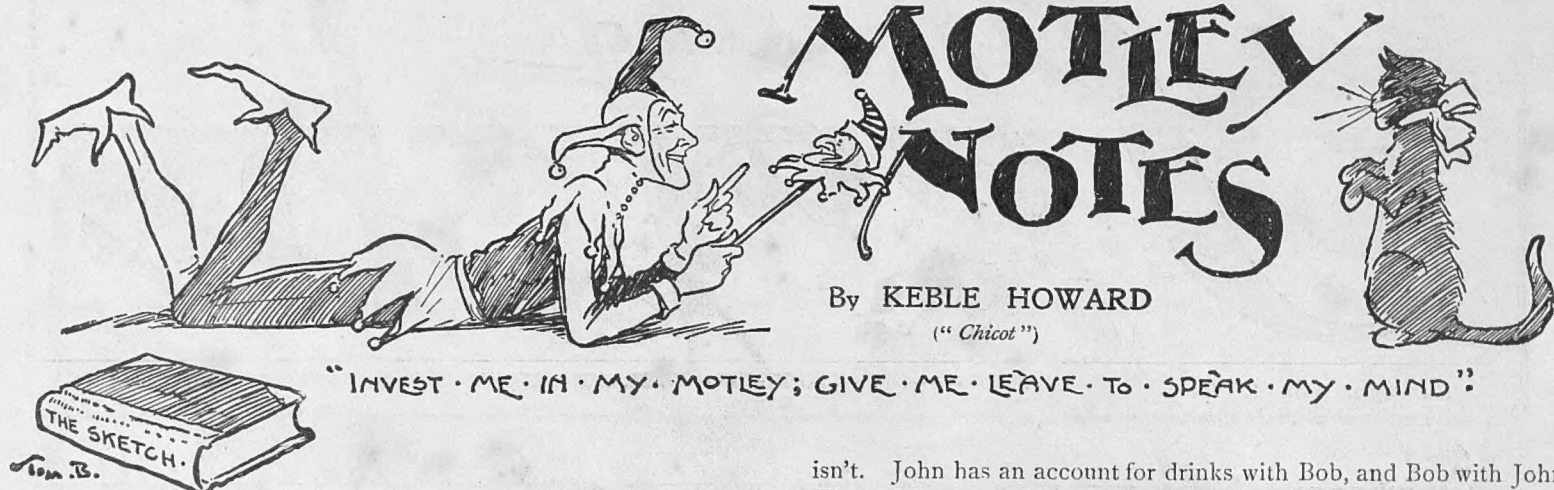


BIRDS IN HER BONNET: THE NEW BIRD'S-NEST HAT FROM PARIS.

We illustrate the latest freak of Paris fashion, the bird's-nest hat. Presumably the bee-in-the-bonnet toque will follow.

*Photograph by Delius.*





By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

### The Limit in Simplicity.

I have returned, at a single prodigious bound, straight to the lap of Nature. This is not the Simple Life of French chefs, telephones, champagne on ice, and dinner in town three times a week. I am seven miles from a railway-station and three from a telegraph-office. I have not seen a newspaper or journal of any description since I left London. There are no shops here at all—not even two bottles of sweets in a cottage window. There is no post-office. A postman calls in the morning to leave letters, and calls again in the evening to take letters. We depend for transport upon sailing boats, and these have been idle for the greater part of the week on account of the furious weather. Yesterday, travelling in search of food, our little boat was well-nigh swamped by the huge waves that roared down upon it. We live so near to Nature that we were not in the least afraid of them. When you are really in the lap of Nature, you fear nothing. Death is a mere sinking to sleep. We make no provision for the morrow. When we are hungry, we go out, catch fish, bring it home, cook it ourselves, and eat it. That is the only way to enjoy fish. I have often wondered why I did not care for fish. Now I know. Our one dissipation is to sit at night in the parlour of the little inn, and persuade the fishermen to sing chancies. They do it so seriously.

### Nature Adorned.

Our costume is in strict accord with our lives—a pair of old shoes, a pair of old trousers, no socks, a vest, a sweater, and an old jacket of some sort when the wind blows keenly. There are caps, of course, about the cottage, but they are seldom worn. Our stylish visitors from across the water stare at us in amazement, mingled with contempt. Their suits are beautifully pressed, and snicked here and there as the very latest fashion dictates. Their shoes are dazzlingly white, their speech richly nautical. The chief glory of them, though, radiates from their ankles. Such socks—mauve, violet, heliotrope, cerise, lilac, rose-pink, sky-blue, lavender, magenta, lemon, pale green, salmon. One evening we made a desperate attempt at rivalry. My host took up his paint-brush, and delicately adorned the sides of his legs and mine, from the shoe upwards, with parti-coloured clocks. Then we went across to the inn, lounged gracefully, hitched up our ragged trousers, and waited. . . . Unfortunately, they did not care for the joke. They spoke grumpily and drank huffily. We were quite abashed. We had meant so well, it was hard that our little quip should be misunderstood. And yet, in a way, the effort was not entirely wasted, for the next evening our visitors contented themselves with mere lace openwork. Doubtless, these were the simplest socks they possessed.

### The Pirate of the Solent.

I spoke of crossing the water in search of food. Some twenty minutes from us, if tide and wind serve, or forty minutes when the elements are perverse, lies as pretty a waterside settlement as I have ever seen. Here we buy such simple necessities as tea, sugar, and the like. Our shopping done, we call at one or other of two inns that stand side by side. These inns are "run" by two brothers, both over seventy years of age. In earlier life they answered the call of the sea. John has little to tell of his adventures; he maintains, indeed, that he met with none. Bob, on the other hand, is full of the strangest stories, including the famous occasion when he had the felicity of shaking hands with the late Queen Victoria. "That's a rum thing," says John, "for I was along of ye all the time, and I never seed nothing o' such circumstances." This, naturally enough, angers Bob, and they fall to irascible argument, flavoured with a conversational spice of their own which sounds like swearing, but

isn't. John has an account for drinks with Bob, and Bob with John. When John gets the better of the discussion, Bob produces his slate and thrusts it in the face of his brother. Again, should Bob triumph, John makes a dive for the money in the side-pocket of the victor. . . . So the world wags—at any rate, in this merry corner of it.

### "Auld Lang Syne."

I spoke, too, of cooking. It is amazing how easy it is to cook if you really bring such intelligence as you possess to bear upon it. Breakfast is my chief care. Never again will I pardon the cook who sends me up bacon that is not done to a turn. Of course, there are two ways of cooking bacon. One way—the usual way, I fear—is to chuck the rashers into a frying-pan, shove the frying-pan over the fire, and then turn your attention to something of greater interest. The result is known to everybody. The other way—and the only way—is to keep the pan and its contents constantly on the move, never relaxing the attention for a single instant until the rashers, done to a turn from end to end, are safely landed upon the dish. The same remarks apply to cooking in general. It is one of the most fascinating of the arts, but we leave the cultivation of it, for some obscure reason, to those who have no art in their composition. I should like to introduce some of the cooks I have met and suffered under to our stew. I christened it "Auld Lang Syne," and you will understand from that how good it is. Everything goes into it that will possibly soften and yield nutriment with simmering. On one occasion I even found a bicycle spanner in it, but that was merely excess of zeal. Besides, we needed the spanner, being rather short of forks.

### The Wonders of Science.

Two weeks ago, you may remember, I ventured to state that my spirits invariably rose in wet weather. At the same time, I asked any reader who could throw light on this seeming abnormality to let me have a line on the subject. Several readers have been good enough to respond to my invitation, but the most interesting reply, I think, comes from Mr. Edward J. Thomson, of the Western Club, Glasgow. Mr. Thomson will, I am sure, pardon me if I quote a few of the passages in his letter. "You ask," he writes, "'Why does wet weather make me cheery?' The reason is purely physiological (not psychical). I have studied the Human Machine as one might study any other piece of machinery, and this is my theory. We all manufacture within ourselves that by-product called uric acid. This acid is harmless as long as we do not accumulate it or make it to excess. It is steadily eliminated from the system. Now, wet weather slows metabolism, and consequently the amount of acid eliminated is less. A slight excess of acid in circulation is stimulating; beyond that slight excess the effect becomes the reverse—depressing. The average man in the street is usually a sufferer from chronic hyper-acidity of the blood, and the bad weather gives him too great acidity at once, so that he gets peevish and depressed. You and I have not an excess of acid knocking around, and a muggy day slows our elimination of acid only enough to give us the slight excess which produces 'cheeriness.' See?"

### Bad News for John and Bob.

All of which is exceedingly interesting, and places me under a deep debt of gratitude to my correspondent. At the same time, it entirely destroys one's faith in the theory that it is safe to drink spirits in larger quantities than usual when the weather is particularly vile. Mr. Thomson's letter will not be popular with those of my readers who rather like the idea of a thoroughly wet day, a good fire, a clear-drawing pipe, and a bottle of old whisky. And what will John and Bob say to it?



## THE NEW MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF RIPON.



## THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF RIPON (FORMERLY EARL AND COUNTESS DE GREY).

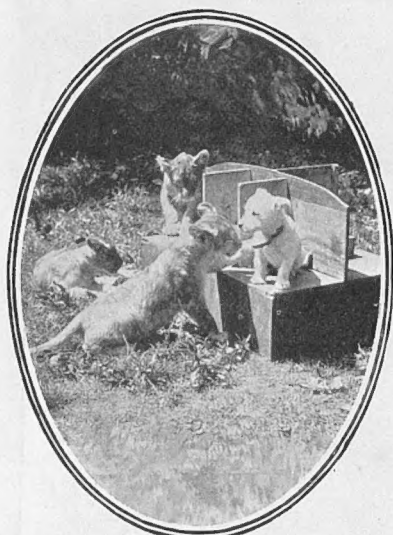
The new Marquess of Ripon has been Treasurer of the Household to Queen Alexandra since 1901. He was born in 1852, and was educated at Eton. From 1874 until 1880 he represented Ripon in the Liberal interest. In 1885 he married Constance Gladys, widow of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, and a sister of the 14th Earl of Pembroke.

*Photograph of the Marquess by Bassano; of the Marchioness, by Lallie Charles.*

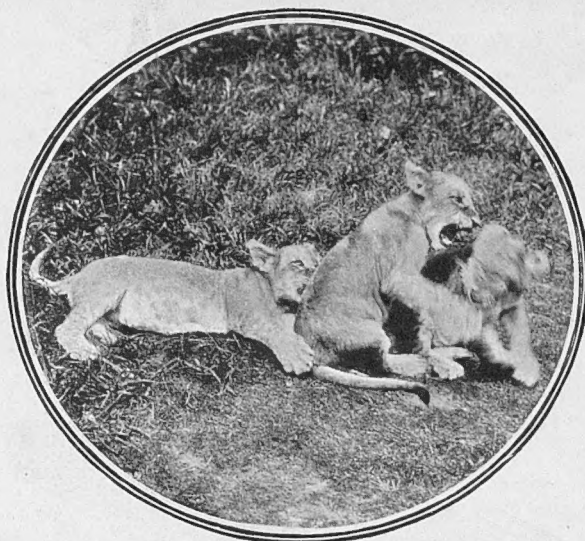


## THE YOUNG LIONS OF THE BATH CLUB.

CUBS THAT WERE VISITED BY THE QUEEN.



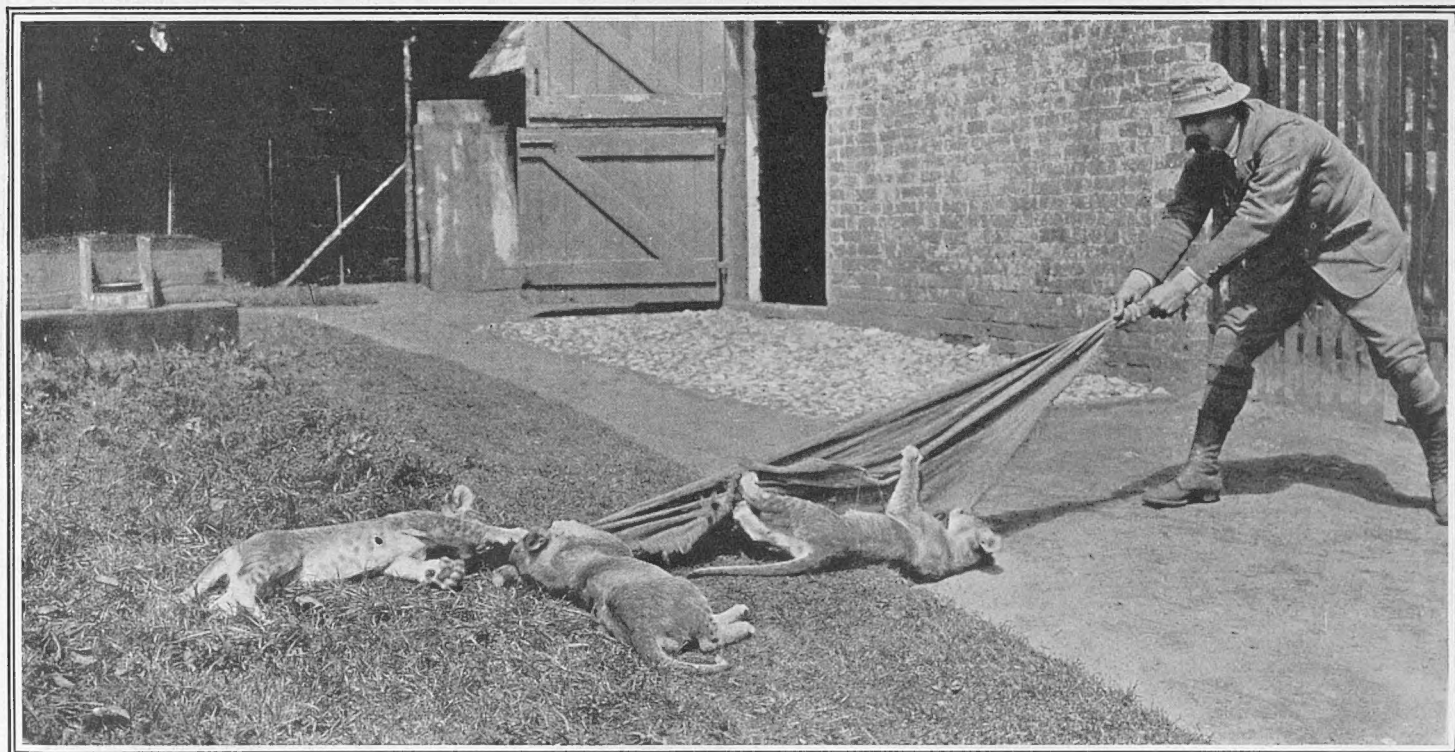
THE PUPPY RECEIVES A FRIENDLY  
TAP FROM A CUB.



LIKE KITTENS AT PLAY: THE CUBS AMUSE  
THEMSELVES.



READY AND EAGER TO ASSIST  
HIS MASTER.



A SUDDEN REMOVAL.



ENVOIOUS OF THE PUPPY'S MEAL.



THE PUPPY IS VERY UNCONCERNED.



A CUB AND THE PUPPY AT PLAY.

When the Queen visited the Bath Club the other day in connection with the Ladies' Swimming Competition, her Majesty ascended to the roof garden and there made the acquaintance of Mr. F. Russell Roberts' lion cubs, which were introduced to her by their owner. One was loose, and the Queen, much interested, petted it, and encouraged it to "worry" her dress. The cubs are four months old, and five, as a rule, in Hampshire. Mr. Russell Roberts shot their mother in Somaliland, and after a search found the cubs, which were then ten days old.



## ENGAGED TO THE PORTUGUESE "PRETENDER'S" HEIR.



MISS ANITA STEWART, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO DOM MIGUEL OF BRAGANZA IS REPORTED.

The announcement of the engagement of Dom Miguel of Braganza, the eldest son of the Pretender to the Crown of Portugal, and Miss Anita Stewart is of great interest to all those concerned with the romance of history, and the world may yet see an American queen reigning as queen-consort over one of the oldest kingdoms of Europe, despite the reported renunciation of rights by the Pretender. The Miguelist party has on its side many of the ancient and wealthy families of Portugal, and should anything happen to the youthful King, or should he die a natural death without children, Dom Miguel might easily be called to the throne, as was the father of the present King of Spain. The Prince, who is a fine-looking young man, was born in 1878, and was educated in Austria. He speaks several languages perfectly, and has been very often seen in London society. It was doubtless thus that he met pretty Miss Anita Stewart, who is a daughter by a first marriage of Mrs. James Henry Smith. The latter has been the tenant of the Duchess of Somerset, at whose beautiful house in Grosvenor Square she has done a good deal of entertaining. Miss Stewart is clever and fascinating, and last year was seen a great deal in town under the chaperonage of her aunt, Mrs. Anthony Drexel.—[Photograph by Lillie Charles]



Signature .....



# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

### The Play!

What? Yes, well, I'm going to say exactly what I think about the whole blessed thing, lock, stock, and barrel, and I may as well say right off—by way of puttin' you out of your misery—that I'm in favour of it. By it, of course, I mean the one theatrical event that has made us glitter whenever we meet, and by glitter I mean say frightfully brilliant things that we don't own to as being quotations from a recognised funny man. Myself, I don't see any reason—by the way, how do you like "myself" flung out like that? I lifted it from a man who sometimes washes his hands and drinks China tea at the Savile Club—why dear Mrs. George shouldn't keep out of mischief by writin' plays if it takes her fancy. It's a sort of disease, d'y'see, like writin' letters about

cuckoos and land taxes and Hughie Cecil to the *Times*. It's frightfully catchin', but it isn't dangerous. Patients recover, after the operation, which isn't to remove the appendix. All it gets rid of is other people's superfluous bullion, so that's all right. Now on. To my way of thinkin', there are two sorts of plays always to see—the absolutely first-rate, written by one of the few dramatists who never possessed any Christian names—there is only one, really—and the absolutely idiotic and inane, written by a person who might much better devote time and lose elegance by trying to climb Nelson's

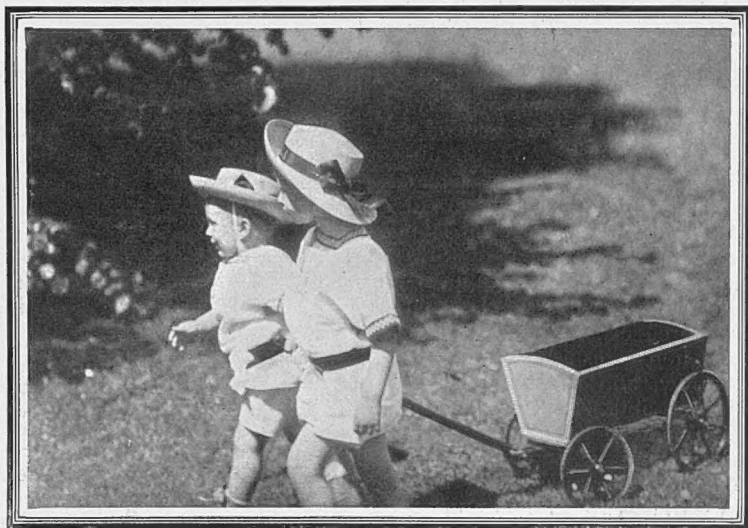
of attention to the characters who take the part of servants, and forget to draw the chief characters. Then, to give the whole thing an air of life and reality, they engage a company of very well-known actors and actresses, and frighten out of them all they know of acting—and the more well



AS STRENUOUS AS GRANDPAPA: PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, ELDER SON OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE, RUNNING TO MEET THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

Column. And there's not a pin to choose between 'em, because the amateur effort, if it's gigantically feeble and silly, causes just as much intense joy to the audience as the top-dog, genuinely fine work. Do you follow me? Perhaps you don't. So I'll put it down simply, in a Sandford and Merton manner.

Immense, b'Jove. Take the play that's been so much discussed because dear Mrs. George wrote it. Well, I loved it. I thought it immense. I simply howled with laughter. It was all so absolutely unlike anything that ever happened in any house, in any set, in any earth. All the characters did things and said things—the things they permitted one to hear—that no livin' persons would or could say even under the strongest provocation, and I ask you what *could* be funnier than that? And the fact, d'y'see, that it was meant to be taken dead seriously made it five hundred times funnier than if it had been meant as fun. What seems to me to be one of the great conundrums of the age is why men and women of the world, when they write about men and women of the world, invariably make them men and women of no world. They always make them out to be creatures utterly devoid of knowledge, of good form, and good taste. They often make them say things that no well-bred man or well-bred woman would know how to say or think. They pay a tremendous amount



A FUTURE KAISER AND HIS BROTHER IN HARNESS: THE PRINCES LOUIS FERDINAND AND WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, CHILDREN OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE, HAULING A CART IN THE ROYAL GARDENS.

known they are the less they know—by implorin' them to forget that they are on the stage. "Be natural," they cry—or I suppose they do—"and let who will be clever." The result is that they are so jolly natural that phut goes the play, and no one hears a word they're sayin'.

### An Epoch-Makin' Suggestion.

But what I want to say finally is this, in regard to productions of plays that are plays and nothin' else, written by people who shouldn't write them. I'm all for havin' one theatre—it's done at the Court, I believe, on Sunday nights, but merely for the uncivilised and uncouth—in London, genuine London, devoted wholly to the production of amateur efforts. A Repertory Theatre, in fact, of pieces written by Society for Society, run by subscription. I'd subscribe like a shot and crowd all the dear old Bee lot in. They should all be frightfully serious efforts, and should run during the whole of the winter—that is, of course, from January to July and from September till January. These dark wet months would then be filled with Homeric laughter, and pessimism, indigestion, discontent, bad Government, and all our other insular complaints would be alleviated nightly for half-a-sovereign—no charge for programmes. B'Jove and b'George, what?



CHILDREN OF THE GERMAN "KRONPRINZLICHE PAAR": PRINCES LOUIS FERDINAND AND WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA PLAYING WITH A PET GOAT.

Photographs by Berger.





# THE CLUBMAN

**The Sons of Siva.** An association of Indians in London, whose existence has been brought to light by the foul murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie, is said to be called "The Sons of

Siva." This name is an equivalent to murderers, for every deed of blood in India is done to the greater honour and glory either of the god Siva or the goddess Kali, both of whom typify destruction. From time immemorial murderers in India have mingled religion with slaying; their weapons are generally dedicated to the god of destruction, and if robbery is part of their crime, a portion of their spoil is offered at the shrine. The images of Siva have a most terrifying appearance. He has five heads, each with three eyes, and in his four hands he carries a bow, a sword, an arrow, and a club. Round his hair and wrists cobras are coiled, and his necklace is of human skulls. I should not be at all surprised to hear that the two hours unaccounted for of the murderer's time on the fatal evening were spent in religious exercises—the dedicating of himself and his weapons to Siva.

**The Thugs.** The best-known of

the bands of assassins in India who slaughtered under cloak of religion were the Thugs. The Thugs were firmly convinced that in slaying their victims for gain they were doing an honourable and religious deed, and they offered a portion of their spoil at the shrines of Kali. They always dedicated to her the handkerchief or rope with which they strangled their victims, and they worshipped this noose and the pick they used in burying them. Kali is as ferocious in her outward form as Siva is. She is often robed in red, and rides on a tiger. Other images show her as a black woman with earrings of corpses and a girdle of skeletons, her eyes starting from her head and her tongue lolling from her mouth. She is held to be Siva's wife, and even more terrible than her husband. The Thugs were stamped out by Sir William Sleeman and his assistants, who took their lives in their hands in doing this work, and the Sons of Siva, if they are the murderous band their name indicates, will no doubt utterly disappear, as the Thugs have done.

**An Historic Dinner.** King Alfonso has unveiled a tablet in the house which, just a hundred years ago, was the headquarters of Soult at Oporto. The tablet sets forth the

gallant deeds which the inhabitants did when they defended their homes against the French invaders and were massacred for doing so, but I do not suppose that it bears mention of the dinner which Soult caused to be cooked and which Sir Arthur Wellesley actually ate. The French held the town, and Soult took it for granted that the British fleet would attempt to land troops. The bridge across the river had been blown up, the boats were all on the city side, and Soult, well prepared to repulse an attack from the sea, had no doubt that he would eat his dinner very comfortably in the big house he occupied. But Sir Arthur made the most daring coup in all his wonderful career. One little boat had been hidden amongst the reeds on the bank opposite Oporto. Sir Arthur brought his army almost to the margin of the river, and held them there concealed. He sent a few men of the Buffs across the river in the boat; they secured more boats; and before the French discovered what had occurred, Sir Arthur's army was making its way into the Seminary, a big house in the very centre of the French position.

The French were forced to evacuate Oporto so rapidly that Soult had no time to eat his meal. Sir Arthur, crossing the river, sat down to the dinner cooked for his great rival.

**The Post Office Ladies.**

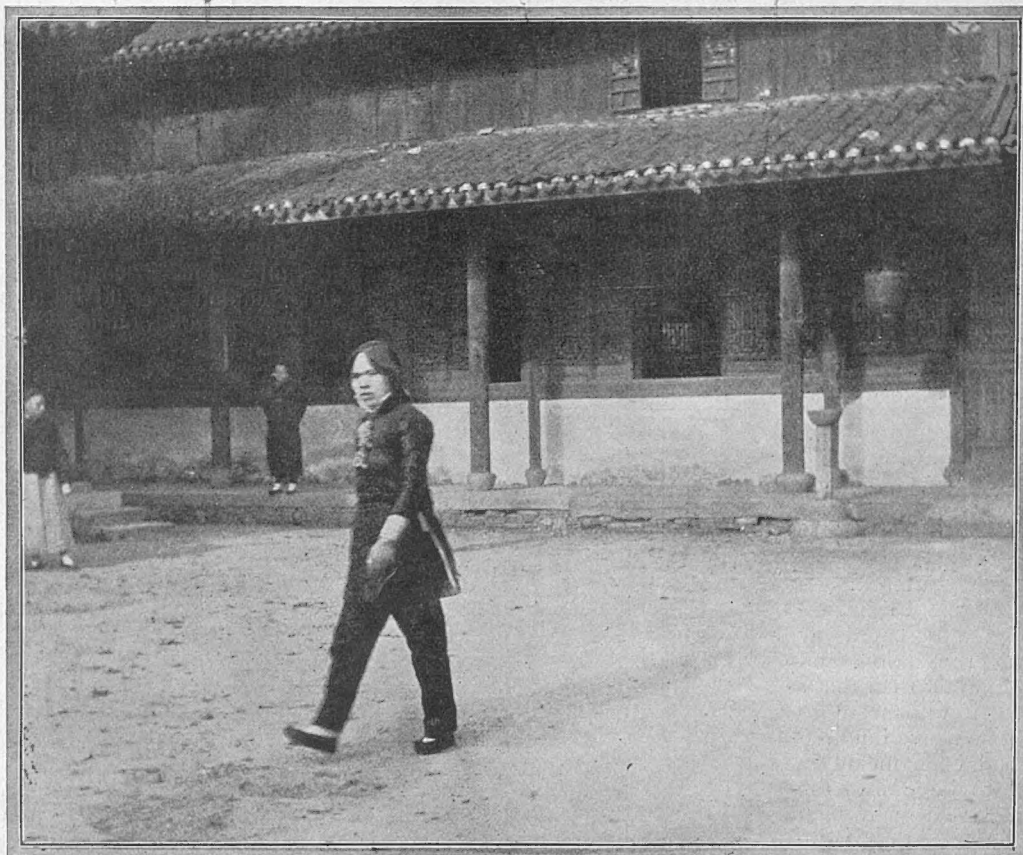
Mr. Buxton has sent a circular to all the post-offices, reminding the assistants that the public are not to be treated with indifference and condescension. Perhaps I am lucky in buying mystamps at a post-office in which the girls behind the wire netting are always cheerful and attentive. They have to go through very trying experiences and have to work for very long hours. The foolish questions they have to answer and the ridiculous things demanded of them are innumerable. All

these varied requests are attended to in the right way by the cheerful little diplomatists behind the counter. There are black sheep, of course, in many post-offices; but I am prepared to affirm that there are none in the one which I frequent.



THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME" FAR FROM HOME: MAJOR DU MAURIER (WITH THE MOUSTACHE) AND SECOND-LIEUTENANT CRANKSHAW RESTING ON THE VELDT NEAR PRETORIA DURING MANŒUVRES.

We need hardly remind our readers that Major Du Maurier, brother of Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, the well-known actor, and son of the famous artist and author of "Trilby," is the writer of that remarkable play, "An Englishman's Home." Lieutenant Crankshaw, it may be recalled, made a century for Eton during the Eton and Harrow match of six years ago.



VERY LIKE HER WESTERN BROTHER! A SING-SONG GIRL IN A PAGODA TEMPLE GROUNDS, NEAR SHANGHAI.



# IT'S DOGGIES AS DOES IT: CANINE COMEDIANS.

A FIVE-ACT PLAY ACTED BY DOGS, AT THE PALACE.



1. THE NETHERLANDS; DOGS AS DUTCH MEN AND WOMEN.

2 and 3. A DOG AS A COW.

4. HOLLAND; DOGS AS DUTCH MEN AND WOMEN.

These dogs are some of the seventy "Merians" comedians who are appearing at the Palace in a comedy in five scenes called "The Elopement."

No one is on the stage during their act.





MISS JOSEPHA DOROTHY ARTER, WHOSE WEDDING TO CAPTAIN R. K. HEXLET IS TO TAKE PLACE ON SATURDAY.

Miss Arter is the only daughter of the owner of Linden House, the Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

Photograph by Lafayette.

quét, and is a good walker. She is also amusing and clever, her social gifts greatly commending her to the Queen, for her Majesty much likes to meet with what used to be called the social gift in those younger hostesses with whom the Court is brought in contact. Mrs. Stanley is devoted to her two little boys, the eldest of whom is four years old.

*By George!* Mr. Lloyd-George may yet, one imagines, be hailed as a benefactor by the starving rich. Mr. Winston Churchill's list of the benefactions conferred by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the merry publican and the dolorous duke is familiar;



MR. CUTHBERT W. WHITAKER, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS BEATRICE ELLA DINHAM TOOK PLACE ON SATURDAY LAST (THE 10TH).

Mr. Whitaker is the editor of "Whitaker's Almanack," and a son of the late Mr. Joseph Whitaker, who was its originator.

Photograph by Beresford.

friend even threatened, with dramatic action, to send his old suits to be pressed if this sort of thing went on much longer! I calculate that, with these and similar deductions, this particular tax-payer will be considerably enriched by Mr. Lloyd-George. He has put his hand into his trouser-pockets on a new principle, and drawn thence the sum of five shillings, which, as it happens, somebody else has to pay.

*In Park Lane.* Mrs. Whitelaw Reid shirks no social duty that lies in her path—whether or not that path be the immaculately red-sanded drive in front of Dorchester House—and the inevitable dance was one of the great events of the past week. Until then she had refrained, feeling that, to all but dancers, dances are the least lively of entertainments. Her own, however, helped to kill that fallacy. A sudden change has come over the London ball-room, and the dreary reiteration of giddy waltzes no

longer need appal the onlooker. The Duchess of Marlborough's dance was perhaps the liveliest of the season, for she has a genius for her new figures, and must wax her floors with a magic composition that compels liveliness in her guests. Nor did the King lack entertainment on Friday night at Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's; and Mr. Sargent is almost reconciled to town, whither he has come after a long holiday. But every party has some terrors for him, the ladies he meets being often as determined to be painted as he is determined not to paint any more portraits for the present.



MRS. R. E. CHEYNE (FORMERLY MISS S. D. RIDER HAGGARD),

Daughter of the famous novelist, whose wedding to Major R. E. Cheyne took place on Thursday last (the 8th).

Photograph by Hoppe.

but the ordinary citizen is not altogether without his remedy under the exactions of the Budget. A man of wealth and position, a defeated Unionist candidate, living in nearly the most fashionable of London's streets, assured me the other day that he had given his tailor notice that, in future, he would pay five shillings less than usual for each garment that he ordered. His tailor, he further said, had submitted to the impost. My

the recitation of an original poem composed for a Club competition. Dancing was given by Mrs. Bishop, until her steps infected the company and dancing became general. Mr. Ezra Pound, the young poet whom the *Academy* rechristened Melchisedech Hundredweight, and Lady Margaret Sackville contributed poems to the evening's entertainment, and



A GOD-DAUGHTER OF THE QUEEN AND HER SONS: THE HON. MRS. FERDINAND STANLEY, WITH MASTERS FREDERICK AND JOHN STANLEY.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



CAPTAIN R. K. HEXLET, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS JOSEPHA DOROTHY ARTER IS TO TAKE PLACE ON SATURDAY.

Captain Hexlet, of the Royal Field Artillery, is the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel R. J. Hexlet, R.A.

Photograph by Lafayette.

### "At Home" on Parnassus.

The Salon held by the Poets' Club last week went with a considerable swing, as the members and their guests were bent on proving that the Muse can make life, and an evening party, amusing. In the first place, Mr. Simpson, the president, appeared as Shakespeare, and Mrs. Harold

Forst awarded a laurel-wreath, not to Shakespeare, who also did his best in verse, but to a young lady for

the recitation of an original poem composed for a Club competition. Dancing was given by Mrs. Bishop, until her steps infected the company and dancing became general. Mr. Ezra Pound, the young poet whom the *Academy* rechristened Melchisedech Hundredweight, and Lady Margaret Sackville contributed poems to the evening's entertainment, and

MRS. CUTHBERT W. WHITAKER (FORMERLY MISS BEATRICE ELLA DINHAM), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE ON SATURDAY LAST (THE 10TH).

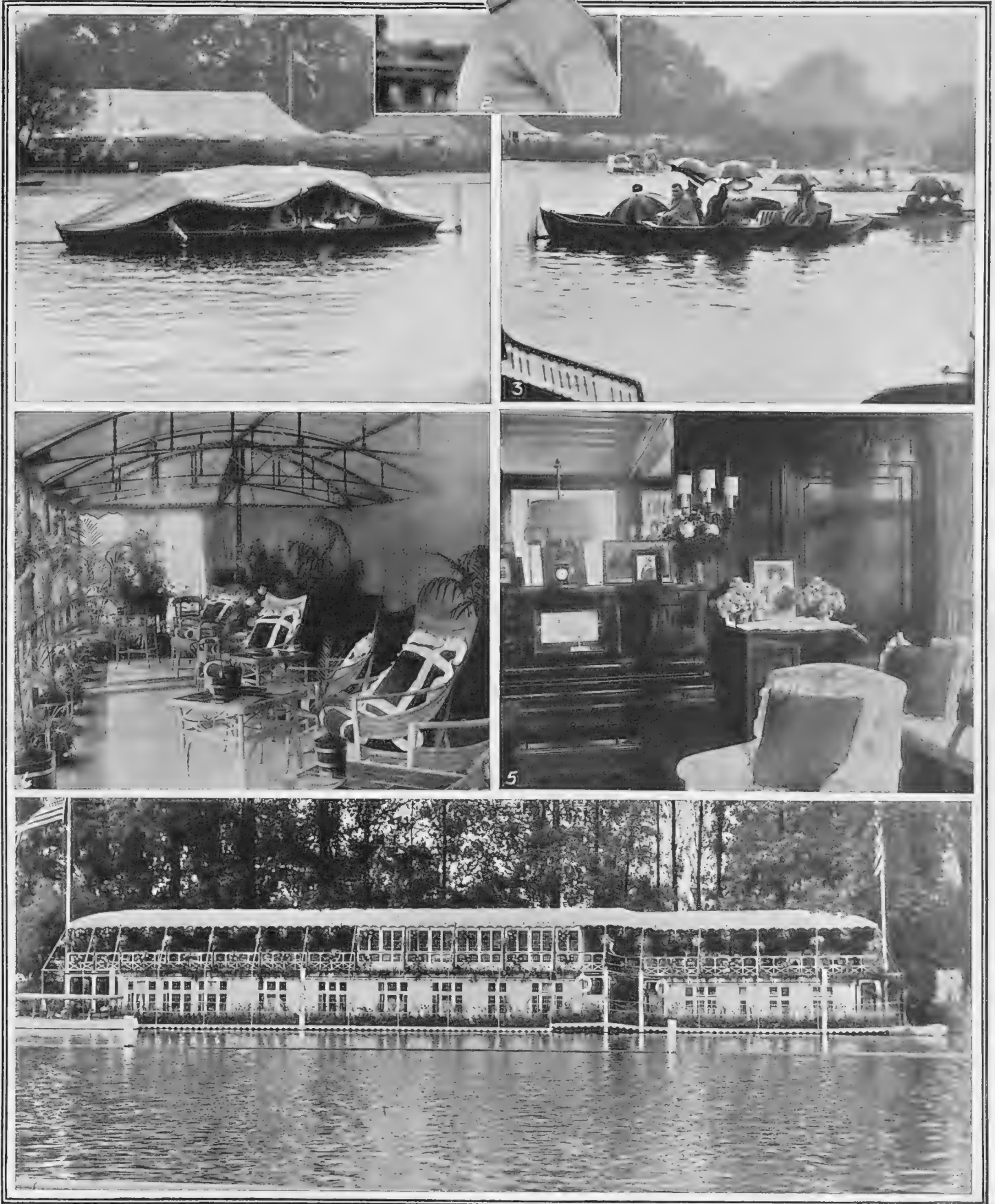
Mrs. Whitaker is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Charles Dinham, a nephew of the Cornish poet, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

### The Speed Limit.

The King of Spain's English is far from fluent; indeed, his excursions into his wife's language are the slowest he ever undertakes. But that does not mean that the enjoyment of his visits to this country is in any way marred; and his laugh, which is international, plays a large part in his conversation. With a little labour he can express himself quite correctly; and he made no mistake when, on his last visit, he declared that nowhere did he enjoy himself so much as in the Isle of Wight. There he enters upon his holiday with something of a schoolboy's glee. So much for the tedious old jape about the mother-in-law, for it is in the company of Princess Henry of Battenberg that he is so joyous. His Majesty's many friends in England look forward to Cowes Week with all the more relish because of the visitor it brings.



SHELTER, PRIMITIVE  
TWOAND PALATIAL: HENLEY—  
PHASES.

1. ENJOYING THE WET HENLEY: A PICNIC UNDER TARPAULINS.
2. THE BELGIAN COX: ALFRED VANLANDEGHEM, WHO COXED THE EIGHT OF THE ROYAL CLUB NAUTIQUE DE GAND, WINNERS OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.
3. WATCHING THE RACES UNDER DIFFICULTY: ENTHUSIASTS UNDER UMBRELLAS.
4. IN THE MOST ORNATE HOUSEBOAT THAT HAS EVER BEEN ON THE THAMES: THE SALOON-DECK OF MR. A. G. VANDERBILT'S "VENTURE."
5. IN THE GREAT HOUSEBOAT THAT BELONGS TO THE YOUNG AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, MR. A. G. VANDERBILT: A CORNER OF THE SALOON.
6. A HOUSEBOAT SO LARGE THAT THE LEVEL OF THE RIVER HAD TO BE LOWERED BEFORE SHE WOULD PASS UNDER TWYFORD BRIDGE: MR. A. G. VANDERBILT'S "VENTURE."

The earlier stages, at all events, of Henley suffered much from the rain, and there were many on the river who wished themselves in Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt's houseboat the "Venture," which was a feature of the regatta. This craft is the most ornate and the biggest houseboat that has ever been on the Thames. She is 120 feet long and over 20 feet broad—so large, indeed, that she can only just get through a lock, and when she was being taken to Henley the level of the water of the river had to be lowered before she would pass under Twyford Bridge. As may be seen, she is splendidly equipped, and many flowers go to her decoration.

*Photographs by Sports Company and Halftones*



# CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



A NIECE OF SIR WILLIAM BAILLIE, SECOND BARONET, OF POLKEMMET; MISS COLQUHOUN BAILLIE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

of the royal house, the voice of a little boy was raised towards the head of the table. "Grandpapa." No answer. "Grandpapa," was again sounded, but again received no reply from the King, who was busy with salad and conversation. At a third shrill call, the little boy was reminded that such as he should be seen rather than heard, and he relapsed into silence. "Now tell me what you want," said the King at the end of the meal. "Oh, it is too late," came the answer; "there was a caterpillar on your lettuce."

## The Capture of the King.

Sir Edward Henry's audience of the King last week need cause no consternation among the most loyal upholders of their Monarch's freedom. And yet both his Majesty and the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police smiled, at their meeting, at the recollection of a royal arrest. At the Derby the King escaped the cordon of police, and led his horse in without their protection; but at another crowded meeting the guardians of the law, without being asked, insisted on surrounding his Majesty and opening his way through the crowd. A wag, with the Derby independence day well in mind, sang out—

A STORY, for the truth of which I do not vouch, preceded the King at Knowsley, and caused panic-stricken rinsings and soakings of all green food-stuffs in Lady Derby's kitchens. At a family luncheon, graced by three generations

"So they've got you at last, Teddy; never mind, we'll come and bail you out," raising a laugh in which the King himself joined.

## Penshurst.

a postcard place; its beauty and antiquity make it more interesting to the tourist than is always convenient for Lord and Lady de L'Isle, and it is sometimes difficult to enjoy the pleasures and privileges of privacy if the hall you eat in, and perhaps the bed you sleep in, is advertised in every county guide as "well worth inspection." But Lord and Lady de L'Isle are not selfish, and Penshurst and Penshurst Place will be seen to the best advantage towards the end of the month, when a masque is to be given there, and when all the locality, mostly in costume, and hundreds of visitors will find most of the

English ears, made the fine title of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh sound a little ridiculous. Meanwhile, Miss Blanche Coward is relinquishing a name made brave for her by her father, the late Commander Blanchard Coward. In August she is to wed Udo Baron de Sinner, and she is quite unabashed, "for," says she, "that is a name which in my fiancé's case spells goodness."



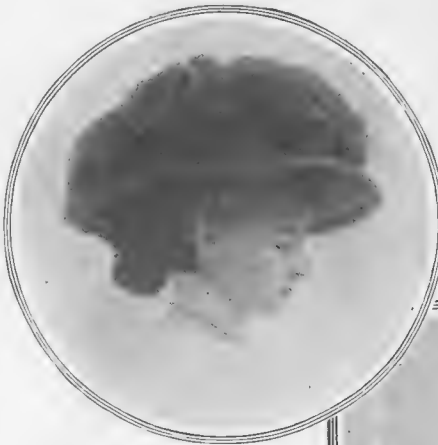
ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT OF OUR MILITARY HOSTESSES: LADY SMITH-DORRIEN.

Photograph by Lafayette.

## A Daughter of Eminent Fathers.

The new Lady Sandhurst, of whose honeymoon on the Continent cheerful tidings have reached home, is a daughter of Matthew Arnold, and a granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, once Head Master of Rugby, the school described by the King as "notable for its men of letters." Dr. Arnold left his own private educational enterprise at Laleham, when Rugby was offered, with some regret, for he would no longer, he said, be able to "bathe daily in the clean Thames, nor wear old coats and Russia duck trousers, nor hang on a gallows, nor climb a pole." Lady Sandhurst's mother, remembered as the "Flu"—now a grim-sounding title—of Matthew Arnold's letters, died only eight years ago.

Her marriage had been a matter of many pecuniary hesitations, for which there was far from any need in her daughter's case. The cheque for £100 which reached Lord Sandhurst by post on his wedding morning was a gift for "Bart's," of which he is treasurer, and not for himself.



THE INHERITOR OF MUCH BEAUTY: LADY EILEEN KNOX, DAUGHTER OF LORD RANFURLY.

Photograph by L'Estrange.



OF A FAMILY KNOWN FOR BEAUTY AND COURAGE: LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL, DAUGHTER OF LORD ALBEMARLE.

Photograph by L'Estrange.



DAUGHTER OF SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BR., OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL: MISS MARJORY CLOUSTON.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

establishment's antique bars unbolted and its locks of Yale unlocked.

## Names.

The Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh have, of all people, soonest grown tired of London's rain, and they have returned to Moy Hall, in Inverness-shire. Perhaps they are the only people in wet weather persistently to regret the invention of an article of attire that has, to foreign



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR: MISS PHILLIPS, DAUGHTER OF MR. LIONEL PHILLIPS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR: LADY CECILY BROWNE, DAUGHTER OF LORD KENMARE.

Photograph by L'Estrange.





## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



SPRY AND WET: AN OSTEND POLICE OFFICIAL LOOKING AFTER THE SAFETY OF BATHERS.

*Photograph by Topical*



HIGH AND DRY: A CROCODILE IN THE BASIN OF THE FOUNTAIN, "THE TRIUMPH OF THE REPUBLIC," AT PARIS.

*Photograph by M. Rol and Co.*



HAIR THAT FALLS FAR BELOW THE FEET. WOMEN OF HACHIGO ISLAND, IN THE PACIFIC.



CYCLING THROUGH A PLAGUE: IN THE MIDST OF A SWARM OF GRASSHOPPERS AT PARKES, IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

*Photograph by Fleet Agency.*



THE KING'S SAILORS' PIPE: JACK MAKING A PLUG OF TOBACCO.

*Photograph by R. Silk.*



THE REMOVING OF SAINTS: CARRYING FIGURES FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. CANNAT AFTER THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.

*Photograph by Lafargue.*



NOT A PILE OF PUMPKINS! THOUSANDS OF SEA-URCHINS DRYING ON THE BEACH AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

*Photograph by Arthur Inkersley.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E.F.S. (Honorable))

## The Real Society Play.

From time to time we have "Sassietty" plays written by ladies who are supposed to belong to the inner ring and to present Mayfair pictures founded on knowledge obtained first hand. In few cases can I recollect a work of the kind where the author possessed such indisputable credentials as those of Mrs. G. Cornwallis-West, author of "His Borrowed Plumes." Mayfair turned out in its scores to see the piece. There were Duchesses to the right of me and Duchesses to the left of me, and Countesses in front of me, and, indeed, I could recognise a large proportion of the people in the house because they have obtained immortality since their portraits

have appeared in *The Sketch*. They behaved very well. I have a feeling that some kind of *mot d'ordre* had been passed round, and they had determined to show ordinary matinée folk how nicely the "best people" behave. For they off'd with their hats, their tremendous, ridiculous, costly hats, with alacrity, though they made merry little murmurs. Some, I noticed, were quite cunning. They had converted their motors into little dressing-rooms, and so arrived hatless, with every curl in order. Moreover, they did not chat loudly during the piece. But what about the piece? the reader, if any, will ask. To tell the truth, I found the audience far more interesting than the comedy; and it was some comfort for me to learn from the lips of the dramatist, *via* the *Daily Chronicle*, that her play was not written for the likes of me. The mother of the popular young Cabinet Minister says this: "Some of my scenes, I know, are more melodramatic than the vogue is, but I admit being old-fashioned. I myself have grown rather tired of plays that are all talk. Personally, I like something to happen; so I just did my best to be dramatic in the old-fashioned way." Moreover, she announces gleefully that it only took her a week to write her work. It is not surprising that a piece composed so hastily, by a beginner who writes intentionally in an old-fashioned style, was less interesting to the critic than such an audience. Unfortunately, Mrs. West is not strong enough to put back the clock. There exist a few dramatists sufficiently skilful to make the old-fashioned play palatable to the critical playgoer, but they are much too wise to try to write plays in a week, although they have great experience at their command. Moreover, they do not fall into the error embodied in these observations. "As to sheer facts, perhaps the best answer to anyone who disagrees with them is that the story in its main details happens to be a true one." This is not the best answer, but the worst. We do not question

the possibility of stories put upon the stage, but their probability as told to us. The phrase that truth is stranger than fiction is quite sound, but generally misunderstood. It merely means that judicious authors of fiction do not attempt the hopeless task of trying to render plausible in their works of art the prodigious and extraordinary things which Nature allows to happen, because she does not care twopence about probability or plausibility or art or criticism. The story of "His Borrowed Plumes" did not sound true, and since it did not sound true, it would not matter a bit if the whole Bench of Bishops and the Metropolitan magistrates were to vouch for it. Since Mrs. West intends

to try again—and the ability displayed by her work causes us to hope that she will make any experiment—I trust that she will consider carefully some of the criticism which she has received pluckily and good-naturedly, and, above all, will reflect upon the fact that a company which on paper seemed tremendously strong failed to distinguish itself, the only real successes being achieved by Miss Gertrude Kingston, who tackled the female adventurer vigorously and cleverly, and Miss Annie Hughes, who followed her example.

Some of the critics made fun of Mr. William Devereux's "new romantic play" when it was first produced, but the laugh is on the side of the theatre, for "Henry of Navarre" reached its two-hundredth performance the other night, and looks strong enough for several more centuries. The reason of its popularity is really

obvious. At heart the average British playgoer is schoolboy or schoolgirl. Give the one plenty of adventure, fighting, and mystery, and to the other lots of love-making—present a daring man and a delightful woman constantly in peril and always escaping, and you please both grown-up schoolboy and girl, who do not care a straw about subtleties or historical accuracies and the like. Mr. Devereux knew his duty, and he did it; Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry know their public, and delight it. You could not get nor want a better Henry for the piece than Mr. Terry; and Miss Neilson might have been born to play the part of the beautiful Marguerite de Valois. Their very mannerisms have grown to be second nature, and I think we should all feel grieved if Miss Neilson were to speak as ordinary human beings speak—this would be a drawback in a modern Society play, but is almost a gain in the romantic. And there is Miss Tita Brand to give a powerful performance as the wicked Catherine de' Medici; and Mr. Malcolm Cherry, who represents Charles IX. very cleverly.



MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST'S FIRST PLAY, AT THE HICKS AND THE GLOBE THEATRES:  
THE AUTHOR OF "HIS BORROWED PLUMES," AND PLAYERS IN IT.

A play by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West (Lady Randolph Churchill) was produced at the Hicks Theatre on Tuesday last for four matinées, and has the unique distinction of having been also played at the Globe, the theatre having meantime changed its name. In the photograph (reading from left to right and beginning at the third figure) are, in the back row, Miss Winifred Fraser, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. Dawson Milward, and Miss Stella Campbell; in the front are Miss Annie Hughes, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, and Miss Gertrude Kingston.



# DELIBERATELY SINKING IN A QUICKSAND TO BE CINEMATOGRAPHED.

ACTING AS HIS OWN MODEL: PLAYING THAT NEARLY ENDED TRAGICALLY.



1. M. CAPELLANI, THE ACTOR AND SCULPTOR, BEGINNING TO SINK IN THE QUICKSANDS OF MONT ST. MICHEL, TO BE CINEMATOGRAPHED, THAT HE MIGHT HAVE HIMSELF AS MODEL FOR A SCULPTURE.

3. M. CAPELLANI SUNK TO THE CHEST IN THE QUICKSANDS.

We illustrate what may be described as perhaps the most remarkable attempt to secure realism in a work of art that has yet been made. M. Capellani, the well-known comedian, who has appeared with success at the Odéon and the Renaissance, is sculptor also. In the latter capacity he wished to present a man being engulfed in a quicksand. To ensure accuracy of detail, he made the extraordinary experiment here illustrated. Appropriately made up and accompanied by cinematograph operators, he went to the quicksands of Mont St. Michel, and allowed himself to sink in them until they had reached his chest. All the time he was being cinematographed, and from the cinematograph pictures thus obtained he made his sculpture, which was exhibited at the Paris Salon. The act very nearly ended tragically, with the engulfing of the actor and the cinematograph operators, who were only saved in the nick of time.

2. M. CAPELLANI SUNK UP TO HIS KNEES IN THE QUICKSANDS—HALFWAY THROUGH THE DARING PIECE OF ACTING THAT NEARLY ENDED TRAGICALLY, WITH THE ENGULFING OF THE ACTOR AND CINEMATOPHAGERS.

4. M. CAPELLANI AND THE SCULPTURE THAT RESULTED FROM HIS ACT.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Paramount Ordeal.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a bold man. He is going unarméd into the very stronghold of the army arrayed against his Budget. On Friday, at the invitation of the Lord Mayor, he lunches with the Governors and Directors of the Bank of England, and bankers and merchants of the City. Already some of them have hurried their thunderbolts Westminsterward. He continues unflattered, and goes, with such appetite as he can command, to feed before and with them. Yet the Lord Mayor was himself enough always to make Gladstone's knees tremble. The Governors of the Bank caused Lord Randolph Churchill's heart to faint within him. Accompanied by Sir Edward Hamilton, he went down to the City to lunch with them. He had solved the problem as to whether he should be a bimetalist or not, he had d—d and dismissed decimals with costs, and had comforted himself in divers straits as a bold financier should. But now his courage failed him, and before he could go in to break bread with the knights of Threadneedle Street, he had to pace the pavement outside full thirty minutes, as his son has told us, in a panic of nervousness. We ought to have Mr. Lloyd-George's time-allowance for nerves.

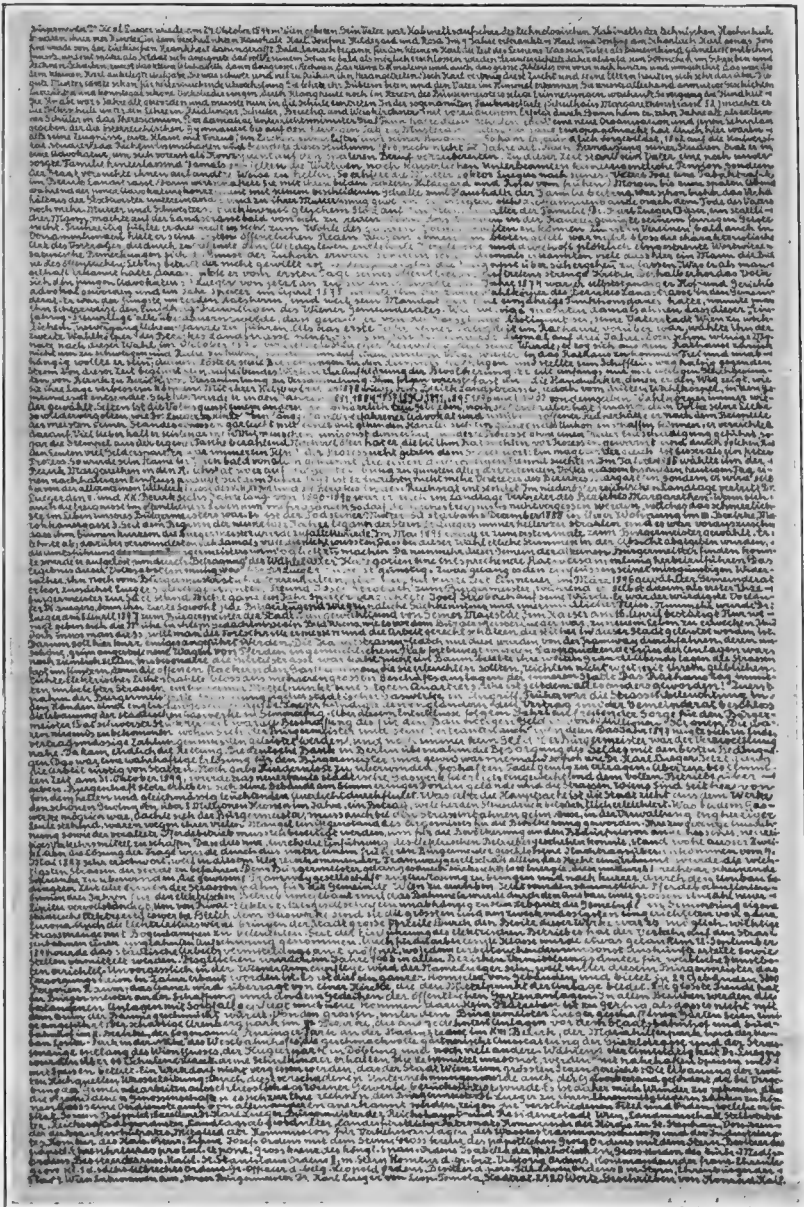
**Silvern Speech.** Those invincible pantomimists, the Suffragettes, seem to be getting to the end of their resources. They are actually trying silence and show of manners! There is one way of creating a sensation which they have not yet tried, and the following story will suggest it. It was the funeral of an unknown man in an American State. The body was accompanied to the grave by a curious few, drawn thither for want of something more attractive. The minister read a passage and pronounced a blessing over the modest tomb, then turned to the knot of on-lookers to ask if any of them had been acquainted with the deceased in life, and if anyone would like to speak a word. There was complete silence for a moment, then a lean, long-haired fellow moved forward from the rear and said, "If no one wants to occupy the time in speaking of the deceased, I should like to make a few remarks on the free coinage of silver." Now ours is a land of many funerals.

**The Making of St. Andrews.** Golfers whose Mecca is St. Andrews this year ought to have a saint of their own, whose name should be St. Hugh. We owe the modern St. Andrews to him. Retired from the Army, he had spent years in making a fantastic wonderland of his house and garden, surrounding it all with a fence on which was painted, by his own hands, a history of the world, from the little error of judgment by Eve down to the greater error of judgment—as he considered it—of Parliament when it passed the Reform Bill. He ended the history there, for there,

he said, England reached her zenith, and senility and decay began. And with the decline of England, what mattered the history of the rest of the world? Well, it was this Sir Hugh Playfair, uncle of the scientist, Lord Playfair, who was made Provost of St. Andrews, then a dirty village. He remade it. He stole staircases which jutted out into the middle of the street—legally stole and carried them away at dead of night, for the betterment of the highway. He made new streets and roads, and he fought the sea and reclaimed land enough to build a pavilion on, and permanently to fix the links in something like their present form. He was the most unconstitutional but delightful autocrat that ever lived, and worthy immediate canonisation by knights of the royal and ancient game.

**For Us or Against.** Into the gloom and horror attending the end of Sir Curzon Wyllie there comes one ray of relieving brightness—an outburst of generous indignation on the part of right-thinking Indians such as our generation has not previously witnessed. That which we are seeing as the demonstration of the majority of a people had its prototype in individual cases during the Mutiny, and was interestingly exemplified in the case of the Sassoons. The founder of the fortunes of the house had always strenuously resisted any suggestion that the members of his family should renounce the old costume of the Bagdad Jews in favour of European fashions. Came the Mutiny, and the time to declare under which Sovereign men in India fought. "Now," said the head of the Sassoon house, "now wear the European dress as much as you like, that it may be seen on which side you are." The example must have been worth something in those dark and anxious days.

**Links with the Past.** The "Zoo" has got its Bhutan Takin, and so enjoys a distinction quite unique. The next thing to do is to welcome an Okapi to Regent's Park. There is the consolation, so long as it remains uncaptured, that there is something still to come.



BOTH WRITTEN BIOGRAPHY AND PORTRAIT: A PORTRAIT THAT IS A WRITTEN STORY OF THE SITTER'S LIFE. This ingenious piece of work, which is by Herr Konrad Kail, is at once a portrait of Dr. Karl Lueger, Burgomaster of Vienna, and a biography of that gentleman. It will be noted that the portrait is formed by varying the thickness of the writing. It is done on an ordinary postcard. Photograph by Bolak.

Afterwards, perhaps, we might, by the aid of an air-ship, rope in one of those elusive mammoths which speculative zoologists, in armchairs after dinner, dream as roaming the silent wastes of twilight lands where the King's writ runneth not. And there is a gloomy camel with which man might reasonably seek to renew acquaintance. His home is the Gobi Steppe, where he ekes out a thin living on sparse herbage and water brackish as the Dead Sea. He could, if he would, tell us a story of past civilisation in that dreary land. He descends from camels domesticated by man centuries and centuries ago. One day, there came a frightful sandstorm. It blotted out a province, perhaps an empire, and only the Spartan camel remains alive to remind us of the cities and men that were.



HE WAS NOT ON THE QUAY VIVE!



THE MATE OF THE DEPARTING SCHOONER (*to loafer on the quay*): Say, matie, let go that rope, will ye?

THE LOAFER (*indignantly*): 'Oo's touchin' yer bloomin' rope?

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



## Songs Without Words—Not Mendelssohn's.

The great success which Miss Florence Smithson makes by her singing in "The Arcadians" is rendered understandable to those who were unacquainted with her name before her advent into musical comedy (for she has not been very long in it) by the fact that she used to be on the Grand Opera stage. It is not a form

of art usually associated with amusing incidents, but one or two which happened to Miss Smithson certainly come under this head. When she first joined the company she was given several parts to understudy, among them Marguerite in "Faust." She learnt the music very readily, but she did not trouble much about the words, as she did not expect to be called upon to play the part very soon. It need hardly be said that the unexpected happened, and within a fortnight she was asked to go on for Marguerite. The soprano who had fallen ill was a woman who turned the scale at fourteen stone, while

*Photograph by Hana.*

A DANCER BEFORE ABDUL HAMID, MLE. ALISSES HATIB.

Miss Smithson is probably little more than half that weight. The only dresses were those of the massive prima-donna, and those Miss Smithson had to wear! How she draped herself in them and rose superior to the voluminous folds is a mystery to her. Perhaps an even greater mystery is the way she got through her songs. She sang the Jewel Song, as she sang all the others, using practically one word, that word being "lala."

## Songs Without Words—Part II.

In this respect she was not altogether unlike an American tenor in an opera company touring with Italian opera. He knew three Italian (?) words, Macaroni, Tomato, and Amore. With that limited vocabulary, by interweaving the syllables, he actually went through the whole répertoire without a single soul in the audience noticing it.

## Pelted with Pennies.

While Montague Brewster is engaged every night in the delightful task of getting rid of a quarter of a million of imaginary money in the shortest possible time, Mr. Percy Hutchison, his representative, was called upon not long ago to reverse the process in one of the chief provincial towns. In the last act, when he turns his pockets out to show that he is "busted"—"higher than Gilderoy's kite"—some sympathetic people in the audience, evidently carried away by the cunning of the scene, threw a handful of coppers on the stage, to the great amusement of the actors, though rather to Mr. Hutchison's discomfiture, for a penny hit him sharply on the nose. A similar incident, by the way, once happened to Mr. Hayden Coffin, who, when singing one of his most popular songs at Daly's Theatre, had a silver coin thrown to him on the stage. He had it cut in two and both halves gilded. One of these he gave to the composer of the song, who happened to be conducting; and the other he has ever since worn on his watch-chain.

## The King Made Them Hustle.

The scenery of "Brewster's Millions" is exceedingly heavy; but, in spite of that fact, by travelling with a great many assistants, Mr. Hutchison is always able to get it into the theatre in a very short time; while the Yacht Scene, although it weighs many tons, is set with remarkable rapidity. His ability in dealing with such difficulties was once strikingly put to the test when His Majesty gave a command to Sir Charles Wyndham to play "David Garrick" at Windsor, at the time of the visit of the King of Italy. Mr. Hutchison, who was playing in the piece, was also its stage-manager. Several days before the performance the special scenery was taken to Windsor and the first act was set for the King's inspection. His Majesty was delighted with the scene and praised it very highly. He was so charmed, in fact, that, after complimenting Sir Charles, he said that he would return in two hours to see the scene for the last act. It is a very heavy set, and, at the Criterion, it required between thirty and forty men to move it quickly. Not expecting to do more than arrange the first act, Sir Charles had taken only a few men to Windsor. Mr. Hutchison rose to the emergency. He telephoned to the Criterion, to Wyndham's, and the New Theatre, as well as to one or two other houses at the West End, and within half an hour after his Majesty's request, the men were on their way to Windsor. So rapidly did they work under Mr. Hutchison's directions that when, at the appointed time, the King put in an appearance, the scene was ready for his inspection.

## Ego Feci.

Tragedies for the actor, which are comedies, if not farces, for the audience, occasionally occur when a moustache or a whisker which has been insecurely gummed on comes away from its place during a passionate scene. It is not always possible, however, to turn the accident to advantage with an impromptu good line, as once happened to the comedian in a company of which Miss Blanche Stanley (who is playing in "The Prisoner of the Bastille" at the Lyceum) was once a leading member. In the course of an important scene, in which he had to make love to the heroine on his knees, he felt his moustache come loose and begin to wobble about as he spoke. Naturally, the audience was not slow to notice it or to begin laughing. In desperation, he tried to speak with his mouth as much open as possible, so as to prevent it dropping off. That, however, was an ineffective dodge, for, after a few lines, the moustache disengaged itself from his upper lip and fell to the floor, amid the audience's roars of laughter. The actor picked it up, looked at it sadly, and put it in his pocket, saying, "One of my own make, too." He was playing a hairdresser's assistant.



ONCE DANCERS BEFORE THE EX-SULTAN ABDUL HAMID, NOW AT THE COLISEUM: MLES. ALISSES AND HANEM HATIB.

The Miles, Alisses and Hanem Hatib, who are appearing at the London Coliseum, danced before Abdul Hamid when he was Sultan of Turkey, and are the possessors of various articles of jewellery presented by him.

*Photograph by Hana.*

MIXED MYTHOLOGY: CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



IV.—BACCHUS EXPLAINS THAT, OWING TO 'NORMOUS PRESSURE O' BUSINESS, ME DEAR,  
HE HAS BEEN KEPT LATE AT THE CAPITOL.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## "He's Breaking My Heart."

You know the story—but, if you know, you may be bored by hearing it again. Perhaps you don't know it, for it is very odd how some people fail to be hit by stories which have been flying about in every direction for ages. I am always being told, as quite new, just heard from a third person, stories I have known from childhood. This one, however, is moderately new, and you are all the more likely to have heard it. But why beat about the bush? I really must tell it you again: it makes such an excellent beginning for my remarks about a certain book. Wait, though—I'm afraid I saw it quite recently in print. That will never do! Let us slur it over quietly and rapidly. Now or never; for really I have heaps of material this week, and must not waste my space. Very well; if you really don't mind. You know—the millionaire who was much affected by the troubles of an old and poor friend: presently he raised a tear-stained face and rang the bell, and the old friend thought hopefully of a cheque-book; but—"Turn that man out of the house," said the sobbing millionaire; "he's breaking my heart!" Yes, I *know* you knew it, but it does so exactly express my feeling when I was some way through Mr. Henry Murray's "A Stepson of Fortune" (Chapman and Hall). I am too sympathetic for such a book. Mr. Murray's misfortunes began with his earliest childhood; he describes a home which must have been more like hell than any home I have ever heard of, except those where actual want is known, and more like it than most of those; and in manhood some cursed spite was for ever defeating all his spirited and laborious efforts. So the book ran the risk of being treated like the millionaire's friend, and not being given the cheque—I hope it may really equal a small one—of my recommendation. For I can recommend it as an extremely interesting account of a varied life in the writing way, and then there are heaps of readers who positively enjoy other people's misfortunes.

## "A Stepson of Fortune."

It is a book especially interesting to another writer, and I forgot to weep as I went on with it. But what misfortunes! One of Mr. Murray's novels was lost in the post. Another was rejected by thirty-six publishers, and was sold for £10—and was then a great success. Two other novels and a biography were lost to him by publishers going bankrupt. Twenty-five thousand words of another novel were blown through a window and lost. I really can't go on, but I must compliment Mr. Murray on his pertinacity: a great deal less would have squashed my modest efforts long ago. He has been through very severe privations, too, sleeping on the Thames Embankment, and on one occasion—I am almost tempted to hope he unconsciously exaggerates—going for four days without food. A strange thing this writing game, that men with brains and health, who surely could get decently paid in other callings, will stick to it

through such horrors as these. It is the gamble of the thing, I suppose, for after all there are prizes in it, not only of cash, which appeal to some temperaments irresistibly. The reader must not think, however, that Mr. Murray's book is all of misfortune. He has had his successes, of course, and has been carried through by a zest for life and experience which must have made him enjoy hugely the strange scenes and remarkable people he has come across.

## Robert Buchanan and the Turf.

Robert Buchanan was one of these—in fact, he was Mr. Murray's best friend. He describes an exciting expedition they made to Lingfield races together—for Buchanan, like many men of fine intellect I

know, dearly loved a horse-race. It ended in disaster—of course! I am bound to say had I been Buchanan, and known Mr. Murray's history of bad luck, I would not have backed the same horses as he—but it is a capital anecdote. They wanted to back a certain horse, stayed away from the scene of action till the last moment, so as not to be tempted to fritter away their capital, ran it too fine, and were just in time to see their horse, unbacked, win at 20 to 1! On another occasion, Mr. Murray found Buchanan in the middle of Tattersall's Ring reading his Greek Testament. Asplendid power of mental detachment, but one is not surprised to hear that Buchanan was not a successful punter. It is an excellent book, and one is heartily glad to read on the last page that Mr. Murray is no longer Fortune's stepson, but her "reinstated son." I hope she will continue to treat him properly; she certainly owes him a good deal.

## John Cam Hobhouse.

I have been reading also the Life of a man whom fortune treated as a favourite son from the first. That was John Cam

Hobhouse, Lord Broughton, whose "Recollections of a Long life," written in the 'sixties and added to from various diaries, has been edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester (Murray). All lovers of Byron will read it, for Hobhouse was Byron's most intimate friend, from Cambridge to his death; saw him, so far as anyone could see him, through his troubles; travelled with him in the East and, later, in Italy; and was ever an unflattering and disinterested counsellor. As Lord Rosebery says in a charming preface, Hobhouse, who survived his friend for forty-five years, "represented the Byron epoch. He was, indeed, the high priest of the Byron mystery." But those who seek for revelations in these volumes will be disappointed: Lady Dorchester has exercised a considerable discretion. Naturally, however, there is a great deal about Byron, and it is all of it interesting. And there is a great deal about other great men, notably about Napoleon, whom Hobhouse went specially to Paris to see in the Hundred Days. The book is rather expensive, but there is always the library.

N. O. I.



SHE: And you'll never leave me, dear?

DRAWN BY SIDDONS BISHOP.

TAKE THE CASH AND LET THE CUTLET GO!



THE MISSIONARY: And do you find any signs of the natives of these islands becoming civilised?

THE EXPLORER: Oh, rather. They don't eat missionaries now. They hold them for ransom.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## SOME COUCH COMEDIES.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

THE struggle to lie on our office sofa was brilliant at times among the footweary canvassers and out-of-works who drifted in for a rest during the day. The jewellery-hawkers and unemployed journalists were the toughest offenders. Nothing seemed to disturb the tranquillity of their repose once they assumed a commanding position on our chintz-back piece of furniture.

We were conducting the Classic Advertising Company; and our belongings consisted of one flat table and copying-press, a sofa, and about two yards of sign-board. My partner, Joe Hart, was three-parts Israelite, and the blood-call on his side attracted all kinds of young and old Hebrew derelicts into the office.

We had endeavoured to insult them separately and in groups, believing at first that a few well-directed Shawisms would hurt more than a fire-hose or a policeman.

The hawkers were mildly impressed by our flow of second-hand satire, but the journalistic deadbeats refused to be shamed by a torrent of cock-eyed epithets interspersed with commas—that's how they termed our laboriously acquired gift of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

It all began the first day we opened shop, a day of fog and heart-shaking experiences for my partner. Nothing happened for the first five hours except a classic nose that lingered between the jamb of the door and the electric button. Then came the stertorous breathing of a man who wanted to lie down. Joe looked up quickly, not unkindly, I thought. "What do you want, Ikey?" he said with a strange inflection of the voice. The face and nose of "Ikey" peeped into the office; then his shoulders and feet. Everything about him was slack and sub-humorous. In his childlike eyes there were nineteen centuries of guilt and privations. The dust of many suburbs was on his clothes, a box of fancy goods was tucked under his arm, and his childlike eyes picked out the office furniture—with mental valuations—until his glance fell on the sofa. Hereat the box of fancy goods slithered to the floor. "Can I, Joe?" he asked tremulously. Joe nodded gruffly.

"But don't mistake this office for a sandbank or a loafers' institute, in future," he said, as Ikey stretched himself on the sofa and closed his eyes.

We woke him at midday and he pattered out yawning, his box tucked under his arm. Nine seconds later another nose, silhouetted against a tray-shaped ear, bulged in the doorway. Then a large beady eye began to inspect the office fittings.

"Vere dit you get the sofa, Joe? Can I come in?"

Joe stifled an exclamation as the long figure of a youthful Hebrew, with a load of ironmongery and tinware strapped to his shoulders, sat on the sofa breathing wearily. By the time Joe had finished addressing an envelope to one of our clients our visitor was snoring.

It was almost dark when Israel awoke strong and refreshed. Grasping his tinware, he dashed downstairs, clanking musically. Next day a tide of visiting hawkers set in. They all knew Joe, and they sat with dog-like humility on the sofa waiting for each other to go.

Old men and young, poor and well dressed, each had a horror of "dossing" by day in the city parks so long as the Classic Advertising Company owned a sofa. After the first week Joe grew hollow-eyed and impatient of the constant influx of idlers who settled like seagulls on our chintz-covered couch. Word seemed to have been passed abroad that the Classic Advertising Co. possessed a sofa of marvellous soothing powers, for once a canvasser stretched his length upon it, nothing short of pointed insults and the use of a fierce and extensive vocabulary could elevate him into a sitting position.

One hot morning Joe dragged the sofa into the passage and wheeled it into the adjoining room, occupied by an artist and sign-writer named Delemento. Joe had a long and heated conversation with Delemento concerning the exact size and colour of the sofa.

Later in the day the Italian entered our office carrying several paint-pots and brushes. For several minutes he stood in the centre of the floor studying the blank wall where the sofa had stood.

There was no hurry about Delemento until his agile brain seized the situation and the fires of his pent-up genius turned his face to a turkey-red. He made meaningless noises as the idea developed, strange Teddy-bear sounds indicative of great mental volition and grasp of affairs. Then his long arms swept and measured the wall with lightning skill. The bear-noises ceased as he commenced painting rapidly, his brush-hand making graceful curves and sweeps

as it travelled over the calcimined background. Soon the picture of an elegant walnut-framed couch began to stand out from the sky-blue perspective.

Delemento worked vigorously, his brush sweeping with master-strokes against the wall until the bulging, soft-curved lines were impressioned like a piece of real upholstered furniture.

"It ees a vera goot picture sofee," he declared, after picking up his brushes and pots. "See how et steecks outa froma the wall."

Joe was delighted, and swore that it would deceive a time-payment bailiff. He spent nearly an hour fixing up the old Venetian blind so that it prevented the strong light from entering the street window. About midday Ike Steiner appeared at the door, a loose, vacillating smile on his features.

Joe was addressing circulars to our clients; he glanced up at Steiner and frowned. "Ike," he began slowly, "you look tired and miserable. Why don't you try some sort of a cure for this eternal bone-weariness of yours? Lying down only seems to make it worse."

Without concerning himself further with our visitor, he continued addressing the pile of circulars at great speed. Neither of us turned until a thunderous shock rattled the office to its foundations.

"Ike," said Joe, without looking up, "don't come in here drunk. This office is not an inebriate asylum."

Steiner rose from the floor, adjusted his collar and tie, wiped the dust from his coat, and then passed his hand over the painted sofa.

"I thought it had springs in it," he declared acidly. "How much a dozen are they?"

He departed with an affectation of indifference that was distinctly impressive. Half-an-hour later, a couple of young Boston canvassers floated down the passage. One of them, Vander Jup Meyer, was distantly related to a New York oil magnate. Since coming to London he had drifted by degrees into the advertising business.

There were times when big things almost happened. Jup Meyer's way—big contracts that ran into six figures. Everything about him was big, and his habit of slamming about the office and hurling himself on our sofa was quite alarming to Joe and myself.

The pair halted for a moment outside the door to discuss a two-million-dollar proposition in horsehair which they were hourly expecting. Entering the office boisterously, both took a seat on the sofa at precisely the same moment. Vander Jup Meyer hit the copying-press with both heels quite violently, while his assistant canvasser appeared to be thrashing the naked wall with his body. For fifteen seconds a cold, unfriendly silence blew through the office. Jup Meyer felt the wall airily, a scoffing light in his cold business eye. His friend merely scowled.

"About time you fellows gave whisky a rest," volunteered Joe icily. "You mistake a fellow's business quarters for a bear-garden at times."

Vander Jup Meyer regarded the bare wall frostily and then met Joe's smileless glance. "I guess you've got more wood in your head, Sir, than the painter man put in your blamed sofa. You've succeeded in making me feel tired, Sir."

Joe was silent. He could have said nine things in as many seconds about people with wooden heads. Joe appreciates a bit of silence occasionally, and he has never been known to make noises at an enemy immediately after a fall.

Vander J. Meyer and his friend departed, talking loudly at each other about the two-million-dollar proposition in horsehair they were placing on the market. For nearly an hour after their departure Joe remained at the table completing his list of circulars to our country clients. Once or twice he glanced sorrowfully at the spot where the horsehair men had flung themselves at Delemento's inspired brushwork.

The oppressive silence of the office was soon broken by deep breathing in the passage outside, and we knew that our inseparable friend, Carl Schultz, was about to pay us a visit.

It was claimed that the German was the most immovable of our string of dead-beats, once he was firmly planted on our sofa. Other men were content to rest for a brief space and depart in peace, but Schultz clung to the couch with the tenacity of a drowning man in mid-ocean.

It was his home, his father and his mother, the moment he sank sighing against its springy cushions.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE "POT" IN THE "KETTLE."



THE SMALL CRITIC: There ain't much meat in that tin, is there, Alfred!

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



He entered, smiling sadly, like one who had not known employment for years. There was sorrow in his blue eyes—the deep, unquenchable sorrow of the man who had permanently lost his job.

"I haf come to keel meinself, Yo," he began solemnly. "I haf lost all hopes of a job at Schneider und Schloppers."

Joe said he was sorry, but did not venture to look up from his pile of envelopes.

"I know you vas sorry, Yo—I know you vas. Dot is why I coom here to explain my misfortune. I tink I shall feel better ven I lie shoost a leedle whiles on your sofa, Yo."

His eighteen-stone bulk quivered for a moment as he stood before us. We hung our heads a trifle shamefacedly, but we felt that that his incurable sofa habit would have to be broken.

We distinctly heard his heavy breathing behind us, the long-drawn sigh that usually escaped him the moment his elephantine proportions reposed upon the springy chintz. The sigh remained unfinished, and in its place was heard a soul-shaking noise that almost wrenched the office fittings from the walls. It was as though someone had deposited a cargo of railway iron on the floor.

Joe sharpened a lead-pencil and glanced sideways at me.

"You ought to have told Herr Schultz that the sofa was in the next room," he said reprovingly. "The noise of people falling about this office is getting on my nerves."

Carl Schultz clawed the vacant wall as he scrambled into an upright position. A berserker fury illumined his eyes.

"You vas a blackguard to let me fall like dot, Yo. I shall nefar, nefar speak mit you again."

He departed throbbing from head to heel with indignation.

We rarely saw him afterwards, but we learned, in a round-about way, that he never again ventured near a sofa without placing his hands on it or pounding it violently to make sure that it was solid hair, and not the result of an artist's brain.

As our business expanded, and the fame of our illusive upholstery spread abroad, we discovered that our circle of visitors grew beautifully small. Joe found time to drive into the suburbs of an evening, in spotless dress-clothes and patent-leather shoes.

I soon discovered that my partner was a frequent visitor to the house of Simon Cohen, an absurdly wealthy stockbroker, who juggled in De Beers diamonds, and performed sleight-of-hand miracles in the world of finance. By dint of perseverance and a good business card Joseph Hart had managed to impress Simon Cohen, and latterly his somewhat robust and charming daughter Leah. For my part, I had long desired to see my partner well married to some lady of his own religion and race. I knew that our business needed only a slight infusion of foreign capital to make it one of the most profitable little concerns in the city. Joe shared my enthusiasm in regard to the infusion of foreign capital, which meant, of course, the diluting of our molten liabilities with Simon's hard bullion on the day that Leah became Mrs. Joseph Hart.

Without attempting the vaguest aspersions upon her Semitic loveliness, I admitted reluctantly that her tipping the beam at twelve stone could only be prevented by someone tying down the scales.

In return, Joe remarked that his betrothed, in spite of her abundance, was a fine example of the outdoor girl; and he advised me in confidence to choose something heavier than thistledown when the firm's finances permitted me to enter into a matrimonial contract.

I returned to the office one dull November day, after beating the suburbs in quest of new business, and discovered my partner pacing the narrow apartment in a state bordering upon insanity.

"What has happened?" I queried earnestly. "Has the landlord threatened—"

Joe with a weary gesture flung himself into a chair. "Leah called with her father while you were away," he began, in a choking voice. "It was intended as a surprise visit to catch me unawares."

"Don't be disheartened," I broke in. "Simon Cohen will understand by the half-furnished condition of our office that we are putting up a fight against overwhelming business cliques. His sudden visit is the best thing that could have—"

"Shut up, for pity's sake," he burst out, "or I shall go mad!" He rocked to and fro in the chair, covering his face with both hands. "Simon and Leah came in here," he went on brokenly, "while I was engaged with a client. My back was to the door, and I thought they were a couple of hard-shell canvassers who used to bother the life out of us." Joe paused and held his breath for a moment like one in whom speech had fallen dead.

Slowly, painfully, I caught a glimmering of what had happened.

Turning towards the painted couch on the wall, I stared dumbly at the floor where the full-grown Leah had deposited herself. A broken hat-feather and a pair of boot-buttons were the only items that remained of the unutterable catastrophe. I picked them up sorrowfully.

"They belong to Leah," Joe addressed me in a smothered voice, scarce daring to meet my glance. "She sat down before I had discovered the ghastly truth; sat on that piece of inspired lunacy painted to look like a sofa."

"And Simon Cohen?" I demanded. "You—"

"I couldn't save him. He's near-sighted, you know, and he piled himself against the illusion like the broken end of a threshing-machine. He hit the wall five times before settling down on the office floor. It was the most awful thing you ever saw. It's blown out my candle as far as Leah is concerned. The old man will certainly throw a policeman at me if I go near his house again."

Leah and her father had gone home in a state of hysteria, and bewilderment. Luckily, my partner had not attempted explanations; the psychology of the situation had prevented coherent speech on either side. Joe allowed things to take their dreadful course, trusting to Leah's wit to redeem the dismal outlook.

It did. By a curious process of after-reasoning she arrived slowly at the conclusion that a runaway motor-wagon had burst through the office wall at the moment they were about to seat themselves on the elusive sofa. Joe and I admitted to each other that it must have felt like that, and we knocked about a dozen bricks from the wall to support Leah's theory when Simon called a week later with his solicitor.

It promised to be a gloomy end to my partner's bright career, until by a stroke of fortune we unearthed an inebriate chauffeur who swore, in Simon's presence, that he was the—hic—guilty person who had driven a ten-ton wagon through our wall.

That motorist would have perjured his soul for half the money we gave him.

Joe has been married about six years now, and although he has won his way to the head of his profession, Leah confesses that her drawing-room still lacks a sofa.

THE END.



[DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.]

THE OBLIGING, BUT UNBEAUTIFUL, SHOPKEEPER: You can judge the lovely effect of this blouse when worn thus, Madam.

# WORLD'S WHISPERS

PRINCE and Princess Kuni are among the converts to English dancing; before they attended the State Ball at Buckingham Palace they, who have accepted nearly everything else that is European, from Paris dresses to the mother-in-law joke (they have their own form of it in Japan, but the husband's mother, instead of the wife's, is the heroine there), could not discover the charm of the waltz, the two-step, or the lancers. But the Buckingham Palace ball-room, recently painted in a most becoming and radiant white, was an ideal background for the lovely women who grouped themselves in the centre of the floor for the quadrilles. Mme. de Villa Urrutia, the wife of the Spanish Ambassador, if we may venture to draw distinctions, was most noticeable in that group. Mrs. Potter Palmer has adopted the more Eastern method of dancing—that is, when she wants to dance she engages others to do it for her, and

she has arranged for the Russian ballet to appear in Carlton House Terrace.

## In the Garden.

Too much rain is as bad for garden parties as it is for their chief ornament, the strawberry, and both have been watered down



AN IROQUOIS ROYALTY IN LONDON: PRINCESS NEOSKALITA.

The Princess is in London attempting to set on foot a movement for the improvement of her tribe, the Iroquois. She is lecturer, novelist, and poet.

Photograph by the Weiner Agency.

so many of the wealthier sons and daughters of the Stars - and - Stripes wend

is off his pony, and, like the rest of the team, he manages generally to be talking of other things, whether he is discovered at the Duchess of Marlborough's or at Dorchester House. Mr. Whitney is very much of a clubman, for a man of the world in America would feel quite homeless with the Englishman's allowance of two or three auxiliary establishments. Mr. Whitney belongs to twenty; their names would make a whole paragraph of this page.

## The King as America's Guest.

The news that his Majesty is about to pay a visit to the American Ambassador's country house will give pleasure to our warm-hearted cousins across the water. His Majesty, as a lad still in his 'teens, paid a memorable visit to the White House, and it is not too much to say that all America went crazy—to use a favourite Americanism—over the royal youth.

As Prince of Wales the King showed a marked liking for Americans, and it is certainly in a measure owing to his known goodwill towards them that



REPORTED TO BE ENGAGED TO MISS ELEANOR ROBSON: MR. AUGUST BELMONT,

The American millionaire, who is so well known in the sporting worlds of Great Britain and the United States.

Photograph by Alman.

their way to England season after season.

*An Unaffrighted Millionaire.* Baron de Forest, who has decided to offer himself for Parliament, is a man of common-sense and many talents, especially of talents in the Scriptural sense. His inheritance from Baron Hirsch, who adopted him as a son, counts by millions; and he is one of the very rich who do not take fright at Liberal finance. He is, in fact, to stand as a Liberal candidate, and in Lancashire, where, as it happens, his wife's family—the Gerards—have long been pillars of Toryism. Baron de Forest is a bosom friend of Mr. Winston Churchill.

*Bobby's V.C.* The King, always most happily inspired in these matters, has decreed that "man's best friend," as a famous politician once dubbed the policeman, shall have his V.C. in the shape of a medal for special merit. This token will not be only given to those gallant Bobbies who so often risk their lives and limbs in moments of stress and danger, but also to those others who through a long period of faithful service have found it their fate "to only stand and wait."



REPORTED TO BE ENGAGED TO AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, MR. AUGUST BELMONT: MISS ELEANOR ROBSON,

The actress, daughter of Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, who played Mrs. Wiggs.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

to a very insipid quality during the past few weeks. Miss Violet Hunt frankly carried hers into the drawing-room, but Lady Jersey, who expects fine weather by the time of her annual entertainments at Osterley Park, braves the elements. Nevertheless, the garden-party has flourished, at least in name. On Saturday the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Randall Davidson entertained at Lambeth Palace; and were themselves quite accessible; so, at least, thought one guest who attended the same function last year, and, although he searched in all good faith, never once discovered the whereabouts of his host and hostess.

## The American Man.

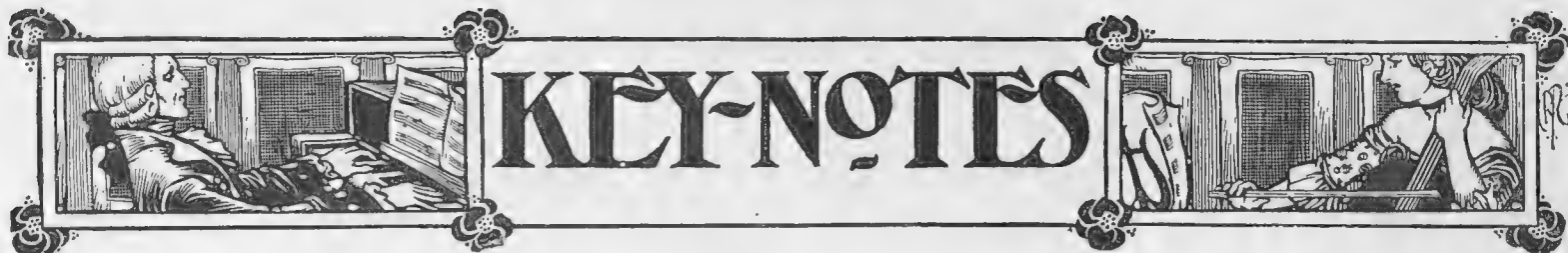
Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, one of the American polo victors, although second to none himself, insists in introducing Mr. Milburn as "our champion"; and introductions have been much in the air. Mr. Payne Whitney, with his wife—he married a Vanderbilt—has not been barbarous enough to think long about polo while in the middle of a London season; he did, it is true, help to win the Cup, but he forgets all about that by the time he



A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MAJOR THE HON. EDWARD BOURKE: MRS. HARRY LINDSAY.

Mrs. Lindsay's husband is brother to the Duchess of Rutland, and a kinsman of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]





### Forthcoming Festivals.

Most of the arrangements for the autumn festivals are now complete. Hereford will celebrate the 186th meeting of the Three Choirs between the fifth and tenth of September under the direction of Dr. Sinclair, the organist of the cathedral. Dr. Walford Davies, Mr. Granville Bantock, and Mr. Frederic Delius are presenting new works; our leading oratorio singers have been engaged. We are to hear Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—from which there is no escape—Elgar's "Apostles," and Sir Hubert Parry's "Job." Newcastle is indulging in a festival for the first time in its history in October

on the other hand, those who propose to rely for a living upon their capacity to play some instrument well must not aim at anything higher than the simplest version of the simple life.

### At Covent Garden.

A little more than a fortnight of Grand Opera remains to us, and we have still to hear Laparra's "Habañera" and Baron D'Erlanger's "Tess." Some of the promised revivals have yet to take place, and doubtless many opera-goers have been looking forward to a performance of "Romeo and Juliette" with M. Dalmores and Madame Kousnietzoff in the title-roles. It was understood at the beginning of the season that four performances of "Pelléas et Mélisande" were to be given, but it is likely that the authorities will postpone the fourth until another season comes round. Curiously enough, "Louise," which owes so much to the modern movement in French music, has been completely successful, and is likely to take a permanent place in the repertory of Covent Garden. Interest in Grand Opera has been stimulated by the news that Mr. Joseph Beecham, of St. Helens, father of the gifted conductor of the Beecham Symphony Orchestra, has offered to contribute £300,000 to the endowment fund of a National Opera House.



A PIANO WITH A CURVED KEYBOARD: AN ATTEMPT TO FACILITATE TECHNIQUE.

It is claimed that this piano will make it much easier to attain fine technique than it is at present, and it is said that Rudolph Ganz was much impressed by it. It is the invention of an Australian.—[Photograph by R. Fuchs.]



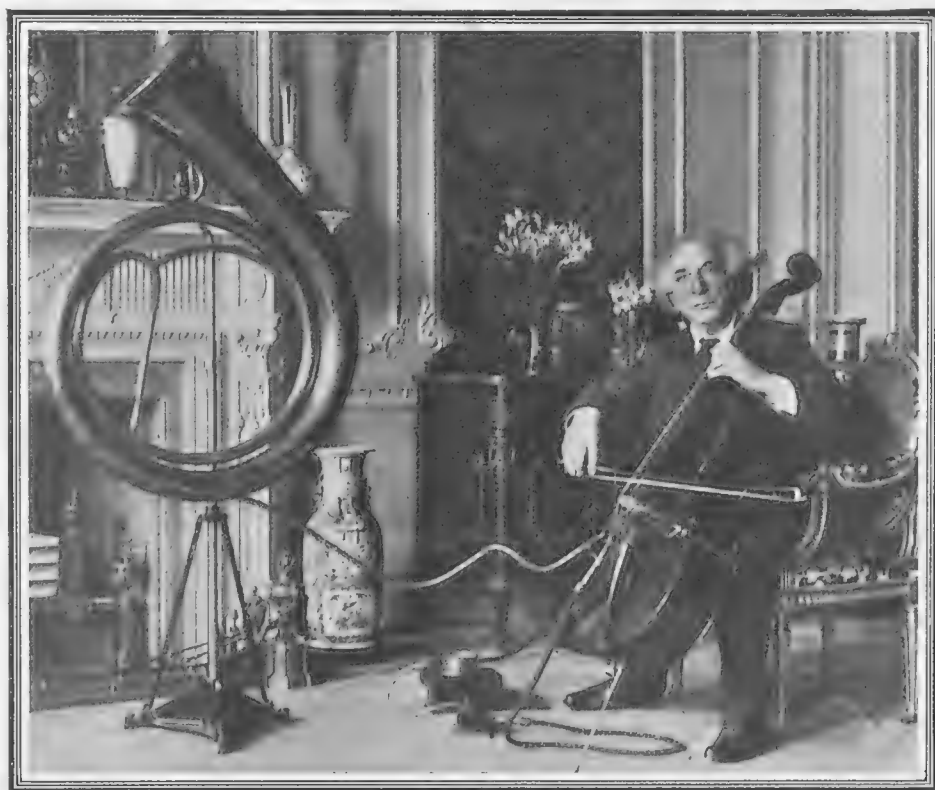
PLAYER ON THE GUARNERIUS LOST BY SPOHR: MISS ELSIE PLAYFAIR.

In 1804, Louis Spohr, the famous violinist, lost his Guarnerius while travelling through Germany. For years nothing was heard of the violin; then what there is every reason to believe is the lost instrument turned up in Vienna. Years later still, it was presented to Miss Playfair, who used it on the occasion of her second recital at the St. James's Hall the other day.

or is it five?—bâtons at the end of each wrist. Mr. Edgar Bainton will contribute an "Overture-Phantasy" to the programme, Mr. A. von Ahn Carse a new Symphony in G minor, and Mr. Rutland Boughton a Symphonic Poem entitled "The Invincible Armada." Dr. Henry Coward, who is one of England's great masters of the choir, and has done such splendid work for Sheffield and other cities, will share with M. Safonoff the conductor's duties. It will be seen that Newcastle is determined to make up for lost time.

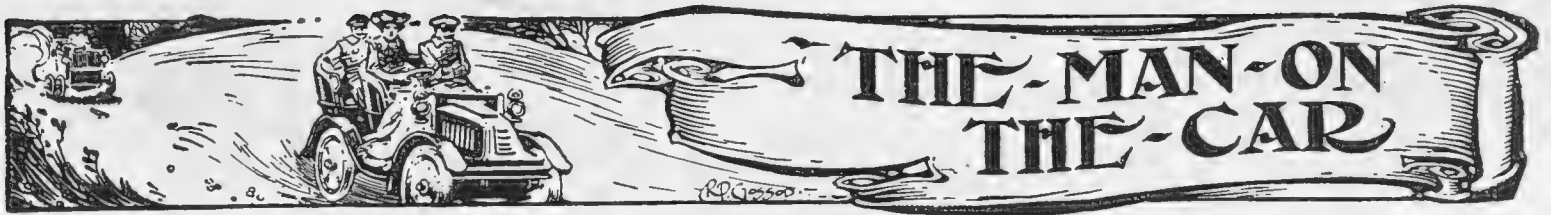
### Sunday Concerts.

It is likely that the number of Sunday concerts in the Metropolis will be considerably increased in the coming autumn. Perhaps the success of the Sunday League is bringing more competitors into the field, or it may be that the supply is the genuine outcome of a steadily increasing demand. Covent Garden will probably open its doors to a series of concerts given by the London Symphony players, who will no longer be responsible for the Sunday afternoon concerts at the Albert Hall. Mr. Landon Ronald has secured this series for the New Symphony Orchestra, thus demonstrating the strength and vigour of the competition among London's first-class orchestras. This competition is bound to increase until the ranks of people interested in orchestral music are considerably larger than they are to-day, or some of the competing orchestras have failed to survive the struggle for existence. It is well to remember that there is ample material in London to-day for the formation of two or three more first-class orchestras, and if the rate of musical progress be maintained, there will be enough for a dozen five or six years hence. The prospect from the standpoint of those who like good music at low prices is excellent, but,



INVENTED BY THE PARSONS OF TURBINE FAME: AN AUXETO 'CELLO AS PLAYED BY HERR VAN BIENE.

This remarkable attachment, known as the auxetophone, is the invention of the Hon. Charles Parsons, of turbine fame, and is a mechanism by means of which compressed air can be utilised to strengthen the tone of the instrument to which it is attached. It may be described as a comb, or multiple-reed valve of aluminium, which is hinged so that each tooth of the comb can vibrate closer to or further from a corresponding slot opening in a little box to which compressed air is supplied at about five pounds' pressure. When applied to the 'cello or other stringed instrument, the valve is connected by a rod of aluminium to the bridge of the instrument. Thus the valve is caused to vibrate in accord with the characteristic tone of the instrument.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



### Dust Trials Off!

And so the Dust Trials, or, as the Committee of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders preferred them to be termed, the "Dust Researches," are indefinitely postponed. I am amazed at this, for I was under the impression that the Club had definitely promised the Royal Commission or the Local Government Board, or some other body of power, that the trials should be held in the interests of the public. I cannot call to mind any firm who have specially taken the dust question into careful consideration in the design of cars for 1909. That certain cars raise less dust than others is more or less accidental. The well-known White Steam Car is a case in point. It is a remarkably dustless car—so much so that I think it was barred from competition last year; but its dustlessness is due to its clearance and its clear under-run, consequent upon the method of propulsion. Clearance is a necessity of American use, and absence of big gear-boxes, fly-wheel cases, etc., follows on the design.

### At Least One R.A.C. Competition.

Next Saturday that much-appreciated classic event, the Henry Edmunds Hill Climb, will be held by the Royal Automobile Club up Shelsley Walsh Hill, Worcestershire, in connection with the Midland Automobile Club, who have a hill-climb of their own on the same date. Shelsley Walsh Hill is on private property, so that interference by the police is not to be feared. The trophy was given to the club as far back as 1902, and was first competed for at Castlewellsan, Ireland, in July 1903, after the famous Gordon-Bennett Race held on Irish roads. On that occasion the Cup was won by Mr. E. Campbell Muir, a pioneer motorist driving a 60-h.p. Mercédès; in 1905 the Church of the Rev. F. A. Potts, who entered a 38-h.p. Daimler; while in 1906 and 1907 a 38-h.p. Daimler, driven by Mr. George S. Borwick, was in each case successful. So the Henry Edmunds Trophy would appear to be something of a Daimler preserve. Whether honours are to go to the great Coventry firm this year with a Knightvalveless sliding-sleeve engine remains to be seen.

### An Alluring Argyll.

The 1909 Argyll catalogue just issued by the new management at Alexandria is a most creditable production. One turns very naturally to the pattern which is coeval with the new blood, the 12-14-h.p. Argyll, in which all the latest practice is to be remarked. The engine-casting is en bloc, with a water-jacket common to all the cylinders

(80-mm. by 100-mm.) and all the valve-chambers, which permits a large body of water to surround the heated parts, and opposes no barriers, diaphragms, or divisions to the process of connection upon which the excellent thermo-syphon system of cooling of course depends, to the extinction of that troublesome adjunct, the circulating-pump. Then the Argyll carburetter, while quite original in design, is an ingenious, but nevertheless simple, combination of throttle and air-valve, with provision by which pure cold air is admitted to the cylinders when the throttle is quite closed. By these means the engine can be used as a most efficient brake, and also kept beautifully cool.

### Wolseley-Siddeleys Sweep South Africa.

News is just to hand of the wholesale success of Wolseley-Siddeley cars in the annual hill-climbing competition held on the Rhodes Road by the Automobile Club of South Africa. A large number of cars, including four eminent English makes and a Mercédès, were entered by private owners, but the Wolseley-Siddeleys triumphed over all. A 10-h.p. Wolseley-Siddeley, entered by Mr. S. Benjamin, took the Club's gold medal for the best performance; a 14-h.p. Wolseley-Siddeley, entered by the same owner, took a silver medal as second best; while the bronze went to an 18-h.p. Wolseley, entered by Mr. C. F. Spilhaus. Quite a day out for the Birmingham stable!

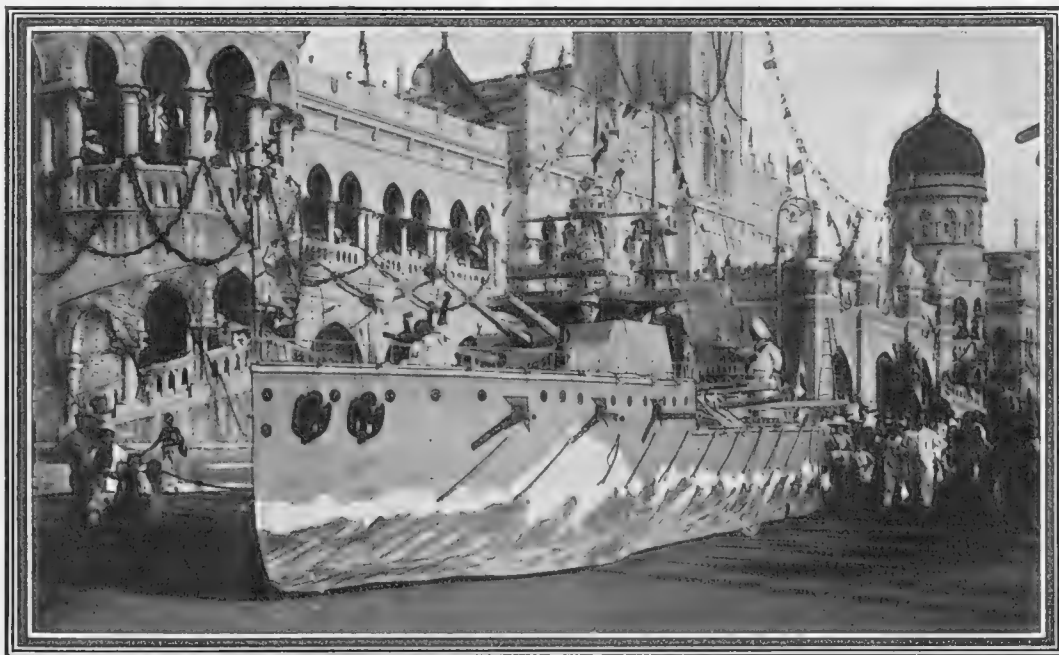
### Interesting Tyre Figures.

Just for idle curiosity, I dipped into the tyre statistics connected with the late Scottish Trials, and was astonished to find how large a proportion of the cars were fitted with Dunlops. Of the eighteen cars which achieved non-stop runs throughout, fourteen were shod with Dunlop tyres, two with Michelins out of a total of nine fitted, and one with Continentals out of a total of four fitted. That grand little car the 15-h.p. Straker-Squire had Sirdartyes, which were not touched, not even inflated, during the whole time. Of the forty-six cars which got through fitted with Dunlop tyres, twenty-three went through the whole trial without so much attention as a stroke of the pump. Of the five cars which got through on Michelins, three had no reason to touch their tyres throughout, while the same can be said of the only car which ran



MAKING INVISIBLE TRAFFIC VISIBLE: A MIRROR THAT ENABLES THE MOTORIST TO SEE ROUND CORNERS.

This safety device is being adopted in various towns and villages with narrow thoroughfares. The mirror enables the approaching motorist to see the state of the road that is out of his sight, and so be warned in time of any traffic dangers. The particular mirror illustrated is on the corner of a narrow turning which leads into the market-place, Woodbridge, Suffolk.—[Photograph by E. J. Lavell.]



A "DREADNOUGHT" DRIVEN ALONG THE ROAD BY PETROL: MOTOR-CARS DISGUISED AS THE GREAT BATTLE-SHIP, DURING THE CELEBRATION OF EMPIRE DAY AT KUALA LUMPUR.

The "Dreadnought," which was exactly one-sixteenth the size of the great battle-ship, proceeded round and round the Padang, firing her guns, to the delight of everybody. Included in the crew were five monkeys dressed as sailors. At night the "vessel" was lit by electricity, and had a powerful searchlight. Mr. Fred Vavasour Guy was responsible for it. Kuala Lumpur, in the Malay Peninsula, is a centre of the rubber-rowing industry.—[Photograph supplied by F. V. Guy.]

Gaulois tyres. Considering the terribly trying condition of the roads, I think the above percentages of immunity from all tyre troubles approach the miraculous!



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

## Sandown.

The Eclipse Stakes Meeting at Sandown Park is always a great draw. Indeed, it is the last big racing function of the season in the London district prior to the departure of the Upper Ten to the Solent or Goodwood. It is a great pity that the management of the Sandown Meeting do not always allow the band to play on the opposite side of the course, near the number-board. They do this on the August Bank Holiday; then why not at other times? It may not be generally known that the Sandown enclosure earns a big revenue; but the company is over-capitalised, and that accounts for the dividend being so small in comparison with that paid by the Kempton and Manchester companies. It is one of the best courses in England for watching the races,

and the paddock and members' enclosure are simply unbeatable. The half-crown ring has now been greatly enlarged, although I expect to see it well filled this week, and especially on the first Monday in August. At one time the Sandown executive thought it paid best to cater exclusively for the classes; now, however, they have learned from experience that the masses must not be despised if the racecourse is to pay properly. The catering at Sandown is very good. It is done by the Sandown Company, and one can obtain a real decent lunch for half-a-crown in Tattersall's Ring.

**Racecards.** We have seen a great improvement in the compilation of racecards during the last ten years, thanks

suggested that racecards should be given away, but upon my word I think it would pay to do so, and here's where the advertising revenue would come in. True, at a meeting like Kempton the revenue for the sale of racecards alone amounts to £1500 a year, but this might easily be obtained by putting on a smart canvasser to get trade advertisements. I think a full racecard is well within the pale of practical politics.

**Follow Form.** We often hear on the course that the only way for plungers to make racing pay is for them to follow form. But to this I would add that, before you can win, you must get a straight run for your money. I was told a little story the other day which is quite true, and which has a bearing on the question under discussion. A well-known jockey gave a friend of his what he thought was the certain winner of a big race. He added, "I have ridden the horse several times, and I look upon him as being a walk-over certainty." Well, the recipient of this bit of information proceeded to plunge heavily, only to see the animal finish in the ruck. He saw the jockey next day, and asked him how it was he did so badly on the horse. His answer was: "When I told you the good thing, I had not received my riding-orders. You must guess the rest." Well, the loser did guess the rest, but he had to pay dearly for the owner coming between him and what appeared to be, on paper, a probable victory. Luckily, we have a large majority of owners on the Turf who go straight; but there are others, and I, for one, should like to see the Stewards of the Jockey Club give some of these a long rest. The bookmakers get the advantage of accidents, incapable jockeys, and the running of fat horses, and it is hard lines to backers to find themselves occasionally on palpable non-tries; and the palpability, by-the-bye, is not seen until the race is being run.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



A STATUETTE OF A GREAT ALL-ROUND ATHLETE AND ITS SCULPTOR, SHOWING THE FIGURE OF LORD DESBOROUGH, PRESENTED TO HIM BY BRITISH FENCERS.

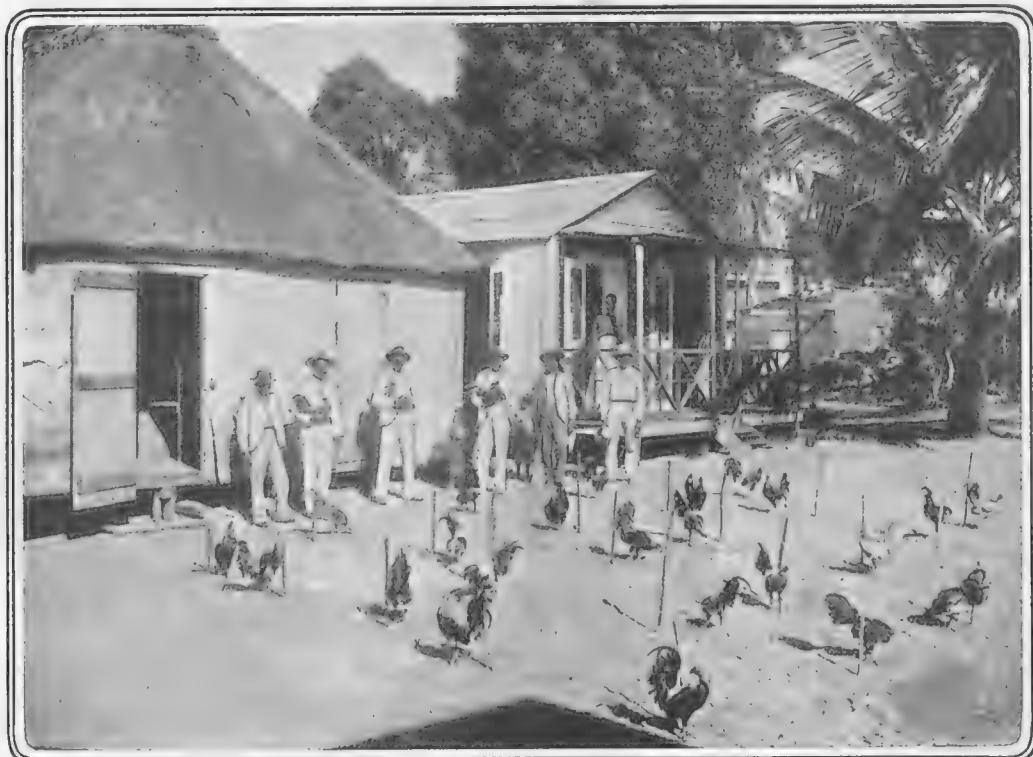
This statuette, which is by the Chevalier V. C. Bonanni, was presented to Lord Desborough by Captain Alfred Hutton, on behalf of himself and eighty other British fencers, at the conclusion of the Épée Championship meeting, held by the Amateur Fencing Association in the gardens of Lincoln's Inn. Lord Desborough, who is the first Baron, played cricket for Harrow, ran and rowed for Oxford, has climbed in the Alps, has shot in many parts of the world, has twice swum across Niagara, stroked an eight across the Channel, has held the punting championship for three years, and won the épée prize at the Military Tournament in 1904-6. He is Chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board.—[Photograph by Sale and Davidson.]

to some of us agitating in season and out. I think the time has arrived for all starters and jockeys to be given on the official programme each day. This might easily be done by getting owners to make a declaration overnight. True, the jockey question would be difficult to master, but in course of time this would right itself. In France only runners are printed on the card, and this is much more convenient to backers than our system, under which we have sometimes three pages of entries and only half-a-dozen runners. If only runners were given it would be possible to print all the form of the horses, also the form of the jockeys engaged on the particular course under notice. I see no reason at all why advertisements should not be given on racecards, to help to pay the cost of printing. Indeed, at many meetings they are allowed, and if newspapers take trade advertisements, why should not these be printed on the back pages of the racecards? Further, all information as to refreshments, cloak-rooms, also return trains and fares, should be printed on the cards. I suppose it would be considered Socialistic if I



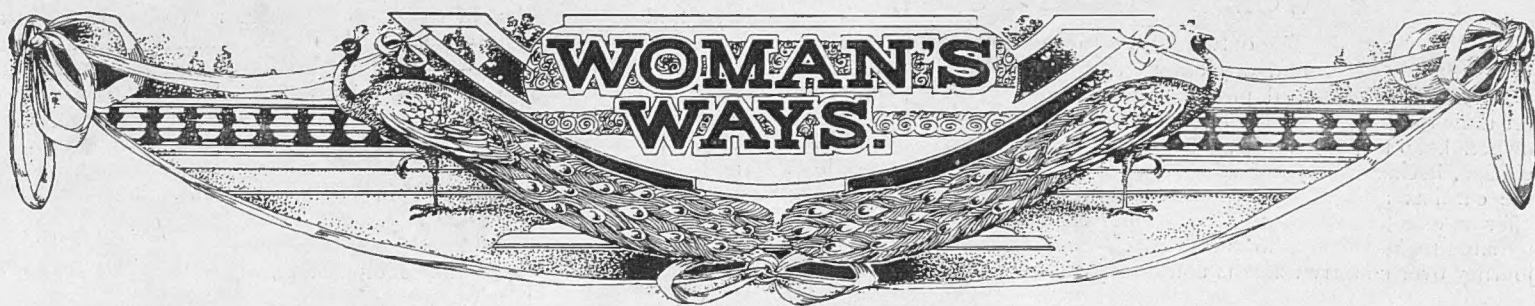
LOST TO ENGLAND—LET US HOPE FOR THE TIME BEING, THE POLO CUP.

By beating England for this cup, the Americans triumphed in a game that has been looked upon particularly as our own. With all good wishes to them, it is to be hoped that they will not hold the trophy for long.—[Photograph by the Sports Co.]



NOT IN COUNTY MONAGHAN; THE SAN JUAN TRAINING QUARTERS FOR GAMECOCKS, WHICH FURNISH THE CHIEF AMUSEMENT OF THE NATIVES.

Special interest attaches to this picture from the fact that a cock-fight took place recently in County Monaghan, and was stopped by the police.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Fine Girls to Sell.**

Though we do not hear so much nowadays of the "marriage market" as in the novels of Thackeray, the same old game of buying and selling goes on briskly enough, and marriage remains, as Miss Cicely Hamilton has justly noted in her new book, the profession for women—excepting that of prima-donna—which has the possibilities of the highest salary. Small wonder that there is brisk competition; that women, shut out from all hope of the big plums of this world, should jostle each other in the grim sport of husband-hunting; and that the arms and implements of this especial warfare should receive such meticulous care and superabundant attention. "As a matter of business," says the author of "Diana of Dobson's," woman "specialises in personal attractiveness: and the care, the time, and the thoroughness which many women devote to their adornment is thoroughly professional and a complete contrast to their amateurishness in other respects." In the animal world, to be sure, the positions are reversed, and it is the gentleman who sports the finest plumes, wears the longest fur, and sings the most engaging song. There, the ladies gaze discriminately, listen complacently, and make their own choice. It is only in the highest human circles of all that girls are deliberately educated for the marriage market, and have, even then, to make ceaseless efforts to find a customer.

**The Doll-Woman.**

Mr. Abbot's lecture on La Grande Pandore, which he has been giving in some well-known London drawing-rooms, is not only highly diverting (for it is amusing to see this dexterous artist quickly changing the clothes of his cardboard mannequin), but it sets the most casual spectator "furiously thinking." For here we see the puffs and curls, the monstrous head-dresses, the distended skirts, the garlands of roses of Marie Antoinette—all of which were to end, grimly enough, on the scaffold. The eighteenth century in France saw the Apotheosis of the Doll-Woman. At this period she was at her most alluring, and reached the zenith of her power, so that La Pompadour ruled and ruined the greatest nation in Europe, and the foolish, pretty Austrian wife of Louis XVI. swept forward, with her flounced hoops, all the tragic forces which made for Revolution. Even the Frenchwoman, with her clear, Latin brain, was first and foremost a clothes-horse. Her garments and headgear, at first artistic enough, became monstrous and difformed, and as her pretensions widened so did her petticoats. As courtesan or queen, the rule of the Doll-Woman was disastrous. So much was this recognised that with the Revolution came in the Neo-classic robe, filleted hair, and sandals. In no way would the female apostles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity resemble the woman of the

Ancien Régime. It is quite possible that the Twentieth Century will see the gradual extinction of the woman who lives to change her clothes. Already it has become absurd to overdress. To be sure, countless female persons will continue, with a fierce hereditary instinct, to prank their persons, but not a doubt of it that the dress problem is simplifying itself, and will, when we are all more happily occupied, disappear altogether.



A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: A WHITE SUMMER GOWN WITH BLACK COLLAR, ETC.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

**The Discredited "Home."**

The British "home"—once our proudest possession, a weapon with which we were wont to whip the presumptuous foreigner—has become strangely discredited of late. A fine and subtle process of undermining of this truly Anglo-Saxon institution has long been carried on. In certain quarters it has been maintained that the Home is neither amusing nor stimulating; that it is only too often a shallow, stagnant pool, in which neither fish can flourish nor flower grow; that the domesticities, unduly indulged in, end by stultifying the brain; and that the presiding genius, the British wife and mother, is sometimes lacking both in intellectuality and charm. These rank heresies, of course, have been largely propagated by such brilliant paradoxists as Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Bernard Shaw; our most brilliant dramatist, indeed, having been understood to say that "home influences, home cooking, and all the other degrading domesticities that begin with the word home" ought to be abolished in the ideal state. For the truth must be told that, if the Home makes for solidarity in the family, it also makes for narrowness and selfishness of view, while an overpowering ennui is apt to assail the intruder into the sanctities and proprieties of the average Englishman's castle.

**The Joy of Dancing.**

The Coliseum made a spirited bid to revive the waning gaiety of London when it imported the Russian dancers from the Imperial Theatre, St Petersburg, for they are the very embodiment of grace and charm and *joie de vivre*. They understand what we are apt to forget in England, that dancing is largely an expression of the will to live, of superfluous energy, of joy and pride in the physical aspect of life. There is a Dionysiac element about this Muscovite performance which captures at once the repressed Pagan which lives dimly in all of us. The radiant, smiling youth of Mlle. Tamara Karsavina—she is but twenty-four, and looks nineteen—belongs to ancient Hellas rather than to mournful Russia, but it is small wonder that the ballet is one of the favourite diversions of the Russian capital when they have such engaging houris as these performing at the Opera. Nor are the youths less agile and light-hearted than the girls, and in M. Theodore Koslow you have a being who, without the aid of an aeroplane, is already half a bird.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

## Flowers in the Car.

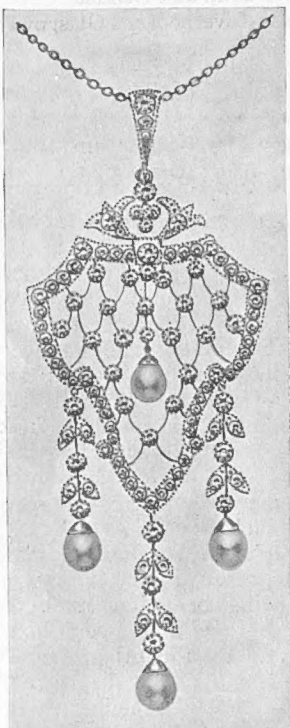
The outward aspect of this season is so damp and depressing that extra pains are taken to make interiors light and pretty. Women have flower-holders made for their motor-cars, and delight to decorate them tastefully. Some owners keep to malmaisons, others to roses. Odorous flowers are chosen, because petrol is malodorous. The colour of the inside of the car has also to be considered; the flowers either harmonise or offer an effective contrast. The even motion of fine cars makes it possible to keep the flowers in water. They are not used when a journey over country roads is contemplated. I saw three ladies the other day in pale mauve, blue, and pink dresses, with a great cluster of sweet peas in the same colourings in their car; one hardly knew which to admire more—the dresses or the flowers. Together they were a cheery sight on a gloomy wet day!

## Smooth and Cool.

We have not had to complain of much heat this summer, but we shall have it yet! Although it has not been hot, the winds have been very drying, and to keep the skin smooth and cool has been very difficult. The best way to achieve this desirable result is to use Rowland's Kalydor freely. It is a luxury, too, as its use is delightfully refreshing, as well as permanently beneficial. With the holiday season at hand no one should be without it. It eradicates freckles, tan, stings of insects, eczema, and all ills of the skin caused by sea-bathing and exposure at tennis, golf, boating. Most men use it after shaving, to their great comfort.

## Holiday Looks.

To be in best looks for the coming yachting, shooting, seaside, spa, river, and travelling parties is what we women are most concerned about now that the season nears its end. Careful as we have been, it has been trying. The thing to do is personally to visit Mrs. Pomeroy's salons at 29, Old Bond Street and find out what is requisite for the entirely new conditions of life about to begin. A little treatment and directions given as to the correct things to use when the client is going to the sea, the country, or the moors is a wise woman's move. When once away, it is so difficult to write all that is required, while the skilled eye sees at once what will be needed. Of course, Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., has branches in Glasgow for those going to the moors, in Dublin for Horse-Show and Irish fishing and shooting visitors, and in Sheffield for ladies of house-parties for the Yorkshire moors. Holiday outfits for 3s. 6d. are a specialty of the firm, but nothing is so effective as a personal visit. The powder that suits in town will not do in the country, where the skin assumes a marked difference in tone; and so with other things. The firm were at



PEARL-AND-DIAMOND PENDANT AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS'.

the Fair of Fashions, held recently at the Royal Horticultural Hall, and treated all the mannequins, whose complexions were so much admired. Once a woman has made a personal visit to this establishment, she knows what she requires, and need only write when her supply needs replenishing.

## Fashionable Forms.

Style is much, form is more, because there is no style possible without it. The London Corset Company, in New Bond Street, have followed the fashion in form most closely when they have not led it. Their corsets are worn by most of our smart women. A sale is now proceeding there which affords opportunity for purchasing the well-known 25s. corset for 22s. 6d. in black and fawn and white; and that which is most esteemed by wearers of most up-to-date dresses—the 2½ guinea corset, which is very long, and reduces the hips in an extraordinary way—is now being sold for 48s. 6d., and in several shapes. One-guinea stays are sold for 19s., and the world-famed "Tricot" corset, which looks the best and wears the best of all, and is so easy and comfortable, can be acquired for 67s. 6d. instead of the usual 3½ guineas. These, too, are long, and attenuate the figure beautifully. Odd and soiled pairs are being disposed of regardless of cost, and the company guarantee the wear of all their corsets. Other bargains there are, accounted for by the bad weather, such as hand-made and embroidered muslin dresses for 40s., a large selection of lingerie dress, all greatly reduced, tailor-made linen coats and skirts for 25s., and nice dainty blouse shirts with neat jabots for 9s. 7d.

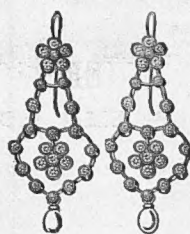
## For Summer Days.

The sunshine calls for light, fresh-looking gowns. We have had so little of it that we are justified in looking for more. On Woman's Ways page is a drawing of a summer gown in white linen with black buttons, collar, cuffs, and loops, and a chemisette of white lace.

At the Association of lers, and Silversmiths, in fine display of jewellery. artists and have their by the finest French work-pearl-and-diamond neck-with diamonds, is priced and the pendant at-our illustration, at ninety-



Diamond Merchants, Jewel-Trafalgar Square, there is a They employ their own goods mounted in platinum people in this country. A let, mounted in platinum only at one hundred guineas, tached to it, as shown in five guineas. The beautiful



EARRINGS OF PEARLS, DIAMONDS, AND RUBIES AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS'.



earrings in the other of pearls, diamonds and presents, from one guinea are to be seen here, and including every article tea and supper tables, Diamond Merchants taining over 6000 illus-plate, any of which articles can be purchased on their system of monthly payments.



illustration are composed rubies. Wedding and other to ten thousand guineas, some beautiful silver stock, for the breakfast, dinner, etc. The Association of publish a catalogue con-trations of jewellery and

Rowing men and the general public will be interested in the important £500 handicap which has been arranged to take place between Putney and Mortlake on July 15 and following days. The handsome prizes will attract the best scullers in England. These are: £250 for the winner, £100 for the second, and minor prizes—all worth winning. The £500 necessary for these prizes emanates from the directors of the now famous "Nugget" Polish, who have given the money unconditionally, and for the purpose of promoting professional sculling on the Thames.

"International" poker-patience has become quite a fashionable game, but those who play it have sometimes found difficulty in getting table-room enough to lay out the cards, and, even where this is possible, there is always the danger of the cards slipping about and getting out of position. But with the invention of the "Gem" poker-patience board these defects are obviated, for by using it a table may be dispensed with altogether. The sole agents for these handy little boards are the International Card Company, of 2, Bury Street, E.C., and the price is half-a-crown for "Midget" card size, and three shillings for full-size patience cards.

Nothing more interesting or durable in the way of garden furniture could be obtained than that which is made by Messrs. Castles, the well-known ship-breakers, at Baltic Wharf, Millbank, Westminster, out of the timbers of old men-of-war. Being composed of thoroughly seasoned teak, it requires neither paint nor varnish, and can be left out of doors all the year round. There is, moreover, a sense of security as well as a patriotic glow to be derived from the fact that your garden seat once formed part of the "wooden walls of old England." Among the 800 vessels which Messrs. Castles have broken up since the business was founded in 1838 were the "fighting *Téméraire*," whose stern figures can be seen in the company's show-room, and the saucy *Arethusa*. Prices and all particulars as to furniture and logs for firewood are given in their illustrated catalogue, a coloured plate in which contains an interesting picture of the launch of an old wooden man-of-war.



PLOUGHING THE SEAS NO MORE: THE FIGUREHEAD OF H.M.S. "HOOD," BROKEN UP IN 1889.

H.M.S. "Hood," a wood-built screw ship-of-the-line, was launched at Chatham on May 4, 1859, and broken up just thirty years later at the yards of Castles' Ship-breaking Company, Baltic Wharf, Millbank, Westminster. Her displacement tonnage was 5065 tons. In her latter days she had been used as a barracks for the Royal Engineers. Messrs. Castles make excellent garden furniture and wooden buildings out of old ship timbers, and supply logs for firewood.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 27.*

## THE WEST AFRICAN BOOMLET.

THAT funny little market in Jungle shares has established a fair claim to be treated seriously, by reason of the steady monthly output of gold from West African mines; and with the powerful financial backing of Kaffir houses, the latest revival may be treated as something that is likely to stay for some time. The speculative investor has need to be very careful how he sets to work in buying West Africans, because there is such a lot of awful rubbish. Regarding the shares as highly speculative, the outsider may still be able to make a little money by judicious purchases, so long as he confines his attention to those Companies of repute, or which are under reputable control. Ashanti Goldfields, Gold Coast Amalgamated, and Fanti Consols are three of the best undertakings. Of the trio, the last-named has scope for a very fair improvement in price. Outside these, Abossos are a good speculation, while of the lower-priced issues, Abbottiakoon, Wassau (for special settlement), and Prestea Mines all have very reasonable prospects.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

They came pouring out of the House like a lot of boys escaping from school, and they lit their pipes as though thankful to get the chance of a real smoke.

One man produced a cigar.

"Had a good day, I suppose," commented a friend. "Glad to see it."

"Given me by a broker," was the reply. "He was in a generous mood, and presented me with two. Have one?"

"Given you by a broker, eh? No thanks. I've had some of that brand. Did you make anything out of him by way of compensation for the cigars?"

"Fifteen and sevenpence halfpenny, to be exact," laughed the smoker. "I got a thirty-second turn on twenty-five Goldfields."

"That's nothing; I got a sixteenth on a hundred Modders," boasted a stripling; "I told my broker so, too."

"Told the broker so?" cried both the others, aghast.

"Well, you *are* a young fool, and no mistake. Never again will you get any more business from him."

"What on earth induced you to tell him?"

The young man looked a trifle abashed, and replied indefinitely.

"What you *ought* to have told him was that he was a regular pick-up, asked him how he expected the poor to live—"

"Told him that you'd be glad to deal with him the other way at the same price—"

"And you'd probably have to drop a bit on it—"

"In fact, made him think that he was the absolutely smartest broker in the Stock Exchange, and that the unfortunate jobbers were entirely at his mercy when he came to deal."

"Of course. That's the way to treat a broker. And you mean to say you told him you got a sixteenth turn? Oh, lor!" And both the elder men went off, shaking their heads at such a sorry exhibition.

The young man looked at his dealing-book, as though the sight of the pencilled six-pounds-five, neatly divided by two, would console him for his lapse from the paths of true jobbing; and Our Stroller asked him how things were.

"Eh? What?" he said so brusquely that our friend deemed it best to apologise in haste, and say he had mistaken the young gentleman for a friend of his.

"How are things, did you say? Well, to tell you the truth, they're nothing at all."

"Oh, I see!" answered Our Stroller, to conceal the fact that this was a piece of Stock Exchange phraseology new to his experience. "I see. Nothing at all, did you say?"

"Yes, that's it. Just nothing, you might say. Chartered are close over five-eighths, and Goldfields are changing hands at a half and under, sliders for choice. See?"

"Oh, yes; and thank you very much," replied Our Stroller, backing away. "I'll just go and tell my man."

It was a sentence he had heard his broker make use of.

"Coming back?" asked the jobber; but our friend had fled, and rested not until he was safe by the side of his Stock Exchange guide, philosopher, and money-loser.

"How are things?" he asked again.

"Kaffirs are steady, with nothing doing," was the conventional reply, now made at the rate of fifty thousand a day.

"Is the boom all over?"

"The buying last account was the best that there has been since the boom started," declared the broker.

"In what way do you mean?"

"Good people bought Kaffirs—people who are taking up the shares and will hold them for dividends."

"Then we shall see another—"

"I don't know that that altogether follows," returned the broker. "Think we shall see them booming again, Jimmy?" he asked a bystander, who shrugged his shoulders, and responded that it was a good market, but—

"There are the holidays, you see," the broker reminded them.

"There's always something," said his friend.

## RUBBER NOTES.

At the meetings of the *Bukit Rajah Rubber Company* and the *Federated (Selangor) Rubber Company* this week, the Chairman, Mr. H. K. Rutherford, warned all shareholders in Rubber Companies that inflation of share values was likely to take place at the present high price of rubber, and recommended them not to make calculations as to future profits based on the current price of the raw article. This is a point which I have over and over again insisted upon in these notes, and I think it may also be said that it is very fairly recognised in the current range of share quotations. The present price of Para rubber is 6s. 6d. per lb., while plantation rubber has been selling up to 7s. per lb. If these values were likely to be maintained for many years, it would be easy to show that the present quotations of individual shares are absurdly low; for instance, the *Bukit Rajah Company* when the area at present planted is in full bearing will produce at least 800,000 lb. of rubber per annum, at a cost certainly of under 1s. per lb. The profit, on present price of rubber, would be more than 300 per cent. per annum. If there were any expectation of such a high price being permanently maintained, *Bukit Rajah* shares would be standing not at £8½ but at £28½. I think, therefore, that it may fairly be said that the present range of prices does fairly recognise that the current quotation for the raw article cannot be regarded as a standard, and makes allowance for the fall which is probably inevitable, and, in the best interest of both consumer and planter, desirable. There is a danger, however, that when a substantial fall occurs in the price of rubber, shareholders in Rubber Companies may become alarmed, under the impression that their profits are likely to fall off considerably, and they should remember that there will still be an enormous profit at half the present price, and that the increasing output will largely offset the reduction in sale price. For instance, to take again the case of the *Bukit Rajah Company*: As I have said above, within five years the annual production of rubber may probably amount to 800,000 lb.; assuming a sale price of only 2s. 6d. per lb., and a net cost of production of 1s. per lb., the profit will amount to £60,000, sufficient to pay 90 per cent. on the share capital. If the sale price were to fall to 2s. per lb., a figure which at present seems almost impossible, the profit would still be enough to pay 60 per cent., a return of 7½ per cent. at the present price. In the meanwhile the dividend for the current year on *Bukit Rajah* is likely to be at least 80 per cent., as compared with 55 per cent. for last year.

With regard to the *Federated Selangor Company*, I may quote a few remarks from Mr. Rutherford's speech which are well worth your readers' attention. The capital of this Company is only £26,400, and the area planted amounts to 1023 acres, with a large reserve. The crop last year was 59,000 lb. of rubber, sold at 4s. 8½d per lb., and the dividend was 35 per cent. For the current year the crop will be from 80,000 to 100,000 lb., and the dividend should be at least 60 per cent. With regard to the future, Mr. Rutherford said: "When the whole area is in bearing and with rubber at 3s. per lb. gross, instead of 6s. 6d., as it is to-day, on our low capital of £26,400 we should be able to earn 100 per cent profit. I do not desire to be optimistic, but I see no reason why that dividend should not be reached in 1912." Those who know Mr. Rutherford's extreme caution will realise the importance of this forecast. The shares, now at 6½, including a dividend of 5s., should advance to £10. Q.

*Saturday, July 10, 1909.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

TURNUS.—We have examined the latest Johannesburg lists, and find Middleville Estates are 7s. 3d. to 7s. 6d., but can get no quotation for Phoenix.

E. R.—Perfectly safe.

C. V. W.—Your letter was fully answered on the 8th inst.

CEE REE.—(1) A bucket-shop of the worst. (2) A dividend doubtful, but shares should be held. Property of great value. (3) Address of Company, Finsbury Pavement House, E.C.

READER.—Mysore Gold shares are a good mining investment, as the reef can be followed to any depth without going out of the Company's ground. The life of the mine is indefinite.

FRANK.—The Commonwealth Oil has been a great disappointment; but with Sir J. Brunner as Chairman and the needed capital practically arranged, we think the shares are at present price worth buying.

BRAFSIDE.—Probably Witwatersrand Deep, City Deep, and Wolhuter would do. We think West Africans will go better. Wassau, Taquah, and Fanti Consols are our fancy. You must not forget they have had a rise since your letter was written.

CHASSEUR.—(1) The concern is of a bad origin, and we have no faith in it; but if Kaffirs go strong again this Company will improve with the rest. The amalgamation is still talked about. (2) We have very little knowledge of this mine. There is a poor market for shares, and we would rather not give an opinion. (3) Yes, the Goldfields Company is interested, we believe.

QUEENSLAND.—You should join the reconstruction. The price of copper is the most important factor in the situation.

PROCESS.—There is a great deal of talk about this process, and it has both staunch friends and determined enemies among the experts. Our opinion is that if you get out at the price you name, you will be able to go in again cheaper before long. The market is artificial, and anything may happen.

WALMER.—The Company referred to was the El Oro Mining and Railway Company, Ltd., price about 26s. 6d.

BOVEN.—The Linggi shares are of the nominal value of 2s. each, so the present price is by no means par. The Calico-Printers have paid 2½ per cent. for years 1903-5, 4 per cent. for 1906, 6½ for 1907, and nothing for 1908. In February a statement was issued showing a loss of £67,000 for half-year to Dec. 31, 1908. We think they are doing better now.

W. M.—We doubt it. No dividend has ever been paid yet. As to the mine, we have a poor opinion.

GURTH.—The Debentures are secured principally on tied houses, and the market thinks that in the case of this Brewery they were badly bought.

W. H. H.—No. "Rinks" don't appeal to us as a good speculation. Buy a few shares in River Plate Gas, John Wright and Eagle Range Company, Federated Selangor Rubber, and City Deep Mine. Thus spread your risks and get a good return.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket these should go close: July Handicap, Wamba II.; Zetland Plate, Battle Axe; Summer Handicap, Yentoi; Midsummer Stakes, St. Victrix. At Sandown Park I think Bayardo will win the Eclipse Stakes. Other selections for the meeting are: Surbiton Handicap, Little Flutter; Victoria Welter, Torch; Great Kingston Plate, Dorothy Court; Royal Handicap, Bocage; Warren Handicap, Droski; National Breeders' Stakes, Neil Gow; Coombe Plate, The Major. At Leicester, I think Sella will win the Prince of Wales's Plate and Rhyme the Appleby Plate.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Ashes of Passion."**

BY MRS. COULSON  
KERNAHAN.  
(John Long.)

There are no half-measures in "Ashes of Passion," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. If a woman is wicked, in this delightfully ingenuous tale, she *is* wicked, and sticks at nothing, from malignant slander to vitriol throwing. This is as it should be in a light novel destined, plainly, to be read in a canvas chair on the seashore, or in a punt under the willows. We are sure "Ashes of Passion" will find favour among the readers to whom it is addressed, for it is lively, has plenty of incident, and treats of bad people without being in the least degree vicious—an achievement which is surely one of the most praiseworthy features of our summer fiction. It would never do to give away the plot of the book; but if anyone wants to see virtue triumphant and the wicked cast down (in this case she is cast down, quite literally), let him read and rejoice in Mrs. Kernahan's romance.

**"Pink Purity."**

BY GERTIE DE S. WENT-  
WORTH-JAMES.  
(John Milne.)

Mrs. Wentworth-James has surrendered herself to the joy of alliteration. She has already written "The Wild Widow"; now she comes up smiling with "Pink Purity." "Pink Purity!" The tinkle of it sends the average man's tongue into his cheek. What *is* a pink purity? We read, to learn that it is the scarlet sophistication of a flirtatious flapper, and *that* is Mrs. Wentworth-James's term for the maiden—  
Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet.

The preface is a quasi-scientific excuse for a book that riots impudently (oh, with a clever impudence; admitted) through the story of Lil Carlingford, a flapper who, so far from pausing reluctantly on the brink of womanhood, hurried into a precocious enjoyment of its privileges. She had a full-grown love-affair at fourteen, and what she did not know about the art of flirtation at that tender age was not worth knowing. She was guileful to the heels of her coquettish shoes, and Mrs. Wentworth-James insists that we shall take her as the representative female in her blossom-time. "We all know"—this from the preface—"that the epoch of a woman's existence when conscience is less developed than at any other time is between the ages of fourteen and eighteen..." Certainly Lil Carlingford had no conscience. She was an outrageous liar and thief and humbug. She was greedy, vain, and treacherous. Her solitary good point was her courage, that enabled her to plan and carry through any perilous plot that happened to enter her wicked little head. Is this really the horrid

truth about the British maiden? It is the first time, to our knowledge, anyone has ventured to depict her in such startling colours. For our own part, we suspect the author of mistaking the unpleasant exception for the rule, and this notwithstanding the physiological explanations of the preface. "Pink Purity" is not a "nice" book; but whether it is written in sincerity or not, it is an astonishing one. It takes a woman to give her sex away with the completeness of "Pink Purity." The only qualification to Lil's rascality comes at the close of the novel, when we are given to understand that, once out of the flapper stage, the ethical value of things may resume its proper position in the soul of a woman. But in the meantime—!

**"The Charlatans."**

BY PERCY SHELLEY  
BYSSHE.  
(Everett.)

The enjoyment we have extracted from "The Charlatans" has been undeniable, but whether we have taken it in the spirit of the author is a conundrum we prefer not to answer. The world, to Mr. Percy Shelley Bysshe, is an intoxicating place, where anything may happen—even to the acceptance, by two aristocratic worldlings, of twenty thousand pounds as a magnificent and princely fortune. Joe Richards, whose father managed one year to make a thousand pounds out of a lucky deal in pigs, was very nearly—

... given in marriage  
By a first-class Earl who kept his carriage—

to the Earl's noble niece. This is how the Countess, in her high-bred, diplomatic way, announced Joe's capture to his prospective bride—

My darling little Jumbo, I have such news for you; Charlie and I are coming to town on Friday next for a few days, and are bringing a Mr. Joseph Richards with us. He is the son of one of our tenants, *who is immensely rich, and is worth quite thirty thousand pounds.*

The exaggeration is the Countess's, but the italics are our own. For a moment, after reading the lady's letter, we hesitated, wondering if Mr. Percy Shelley Bysshe were not, after all, gambolling joyfully at our expense. But no: the rest of the book is in keeping, and Mr. Bysshe, it is plain, has his own notion of the ironical method. His funny chapters are made to be skipped; but his general view of life is too delectable to be missed. He has, however, some perception of the fundamental truth that to keep your audience amused you must keep your actors moving. And so his novel, with all its artless absurdity, "steps lively" through murder, love, and the finding of a long-lost child to the last of its three hundred and twenty pages.



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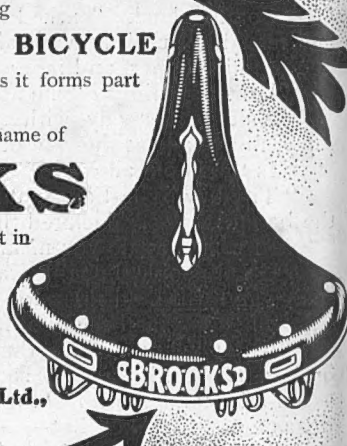
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